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REMINISCENCES OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

MRS. STOWE IN HER HOME AT ANDOVER.—AN INSTANCE OF HER RARE RELIGIOUS FAITH.—VISITS TO JAMES T. FIELDS.—MR. FIELDS'S KINDNESS AND GENIALITY.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," etc.

CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE.—VII.

ONE preëminent figure, moving gently for a few years upon the Andover stage, I had almost omitted from the reminiscences of the Hill—I suppose because, in truth, she never seemed to me to be of Andover, or its life akin to hers. I refer to the greatest of American women—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

To the stranger visiting Andover for a day, there will long be pointed out, as one of the "sights" of the Hill, the house occupied by Mrs. Stowe during the time of her husband's professorship in the Seminary. After she disappeared from among us that home of genius sighed for her. I wonder, do houses feel their ascents and declines of fortune as dogs do, or horses? One sometimes fancies that they may, if only through the movement of that odic force whose mysterious existence science cannot deny, and speculation would not. Next to a man's book or his child, what can be so invested with himself as the house he lives in? Saturated with humanity as they are, who knows how far sentience may develop under observant roofs and in conscious rooms long possessed by human action and endurance?

Mrs. Stowe's house, still retaining the popular name of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," became for a while a club devoted to the honorable end of boarding theologues. At the present time the Trustees' hotel is in the building, which has suffered many dreary practical changes. The house is of stone, and in the day of its distinguished occupant was a charming place. As a house, it was very difficult; but Mrs. Stowe has always had the home touch in a beautiful degree.

In fact, my chief impression of those years when we had the rich opportunity of her vicinity consists in occasional glimpses of lovely interiors over which presided a sweet and quiet presence, as unlike the eidolon which Andover Seminary seemed to have created for itself of this great and gracious lady as a spirit is unlike an old-time agitator. To tell the truth—which perhaps is not necessary—I dimly suspected then, and I have been sure of it since, that the privilege of neighborhood was but scantily appreciated in Andover, in the case of this eminent woman. Why, I do not know. She gave no offence, that I can recall, to the pecul-

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iar preferences of the place. The fact that she was rumored to have leanings towards the Episcopal Church did not prevent her from dutifully occupying with her family her husband's pew in the old chapel. It was far to the front, and her ecclesiastical delinquencies would have been only too visible, had they existed. A tradition that she visited the theatre in Boston when she felt like it, sometimes passed solemnly from lip to lip; but this is the most serious criticism upon her which I can remember.

I have since found suspicion blossoming into a belief that the vagueness of arithmetic which led to an insufficient estimate of Mrs. Stowe's value, or at least to a certain bluntness in our sense of the honor which she did to Andover by living among us, sprung from the fact that she was a woman.

Andover was a heavily masculine place. She was used to eminent men, and to men who thought they were so, or meant to be, or were thought to be by the ladies of their families and the pillars of their denomination. At the subject of eminent women the Hill had not arrived. I have sometimes wondered what would have been the fate even of my mother, had she lived to work her power to its bloom. And Mrs. Stowe's fame was clearly a fact so apart from the traditions and from the ideals that Andover was puzzled by it. The best of her good men were too feudal in their views of women, in those days, to understand a life like Mrs. Stowe's. It should be remembered that we have moved on, since then, so fast, and so far, that it is almost as hard now for us to understand the perplexity with which intelligent, even instructed men used to consider the phenomenon of a superior woman, as it was then for such men to understand such a woman at all. Let us offer to them the width of sympathy and fineness of perception which they did not always know how to offer to the woman.

My personal remembrances of Mrs. Stowe are those of a young girl whom she entertained at intervals, always delightfully, in the long parlor running the width of the stone house, whose deep embrasured window-seats seemed to me only less wonderful than the soft and brightly-colored, rather worldly-looking pillows with which these attractive nooks were generously filled. There were flowers always, and a bower of ivy made summer of the eternal Andover winters in the stone house; and there were merry girls and boys—Mrs. Stowe was the most unselfish and loving of mothers—and there were always dogs, big and little, curly and straight; but in some form dog-life, with its gracious reaction on the gentleness and kindness of family life, abounded in her house. It was an open, hospitable house, human and hearty and happy, and I have always remembered it affectionately.

An amusing instance of the spirit of the stone house comes back to me from some far-away day when I found myself schoolmate to Mrs. Stowe's youngest daughter. This little descendant of genius and of philanthropy was bidden to write a composition, an order which she resolutely refused, for some time, to obey. But the power above her persisted, and one day the child brought in a slip of paper a few inches long, on which were inscribed these words only:

"Slavery is the greatest curse of human Nature."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not written in the stone house at Andover. But there the awful inscription of a great grief was cut into the quivering flesh and blood of a mother's heart. The sudden and violent death of a favorite son—which made of "The Minister's Wooing" an immortal outcry to mothers bereaved—occurred, if I am not wrong, while Mrs. Stowe was among us. I never pass the house without thinking what those stone walls have known and kept of that chrism of personal anguish through which a great soul passed in learning how to offer consolation to the suffering of the world.

One of the prettiest pictures which I have of Mrs. Stowe is framed in the everglades of Florida. Her home at Magnolia offered a guest-room in which one could pass a night of such quiet as paradise might envy. The house, I remember, was built about a great live-oak, and the trunk of the tree grew into the room; the walls being cleverly adjusted to the contour of the bark. Through the open windows the leaves drifted silently, falling about the room, the floor, the bed, as they pleased. One slept like a hamadryad, and waked like a bird in a bough.

Into this nest of green and peace, I had (I remember it with shame and contrition) the hardness of heart and bluntness of courtesy to intrude a pile of proof-sheets. It was my first book of verses. The volume was in press. I was in misery of doubt about the venture. In the State of Florida my hostess was the only accessible person whose judgment could help me, and fate had thrown me on her sweet char-

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND HIS SISTER HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

From a photograph by Gurney, New York, owned by Mr. Davis Garber, and here reproduced with his permission.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

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ity with my galleys. The publishers at the North, a thousand miles away, were hurrying me. There was not a day to lose, if I had made a grave blunder; and I mercilessly read the verses to her, beseeching her advice and criticism.

It would be hard to forget the sweetness, the patience, and the frankness with which she gave herself to my cruel request. I remember how she curled herself up on the bed beside me, like a girl, with her feet crossed under her, and listened gently. The live-oak leaves fell softly about us, and the Saint John's River showed in glimpses, calm, coffee-colored, and indifferent, between the boughs. The utter silence of a Florida wilderness compassed us. My own voice sounded intrusive and foreign to me, as I read. Nothing could exceed her kindness or her wisdom as a critic. I had made one rather serious mistake in one of the poems,—a fault in taste which I had overlooked. She called my attention to it so explicitly, yet so delicately, that I could have thanked her with tears. "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath" than she was to me that day.

The last time that I saw Mrs. Stowe was on the occasion of her seventieth birthday; when, at the country-seat of Governor and Mrs. Claflin, in Newtonville, Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin, her publishers, tendered her a reception—I think she called it a birthday party.

It fell to me to go out to the breakfast with Dr. Holmes, who always loved and appreciated Mrs. Stowe, and who seemed to enjoy himself like a happy boy all day. His tribute, written for the day, was one of the best of his famous occasional poems; and he did me the honor to read my own unimportant verses for me—a thing which I found it impossible to do for myself—with such grace and fervor as almost made me feel as if I had written something of Dr. Holmes's. It was a unique sensation; and though one of the most humbling of life, yet one of the most agreeable.

Mrs. Stowe's appearance that day—one of her last, I think, in public—was a memorable one. Her dignity, her repose, a certain dreaminess and aloofness of manner characteristic of her, blended gently with her look of peace and unmistakable happiness. Crowded with honors as her life had been, I have fancied that this, among her latest, in her quiet years, and so full of the tenderness of personal friendship, had especial meanings to her, and gave her deep pleasure.

Among our literary people no one of consequence omitted to do honor to the foremost woman of America; there were possibly one or two exceptions, of the school which does not call "Uncle Tom's Cabin" "literature" unless it is obliged to; but they were not missed.

The most beautiful story which I ever heard about Mrs. Stowe I have asked no permission to share with the readers of these papers, and yet I feel sure that no one who loves and honors her could refuse it; for I believe that if the whole of it were told, it might live to enhance the nobility of her name and fame as long as Uncle Tom himself. It was told me, as such things go, from lip to lip of personal friends who take pride in cherishing the

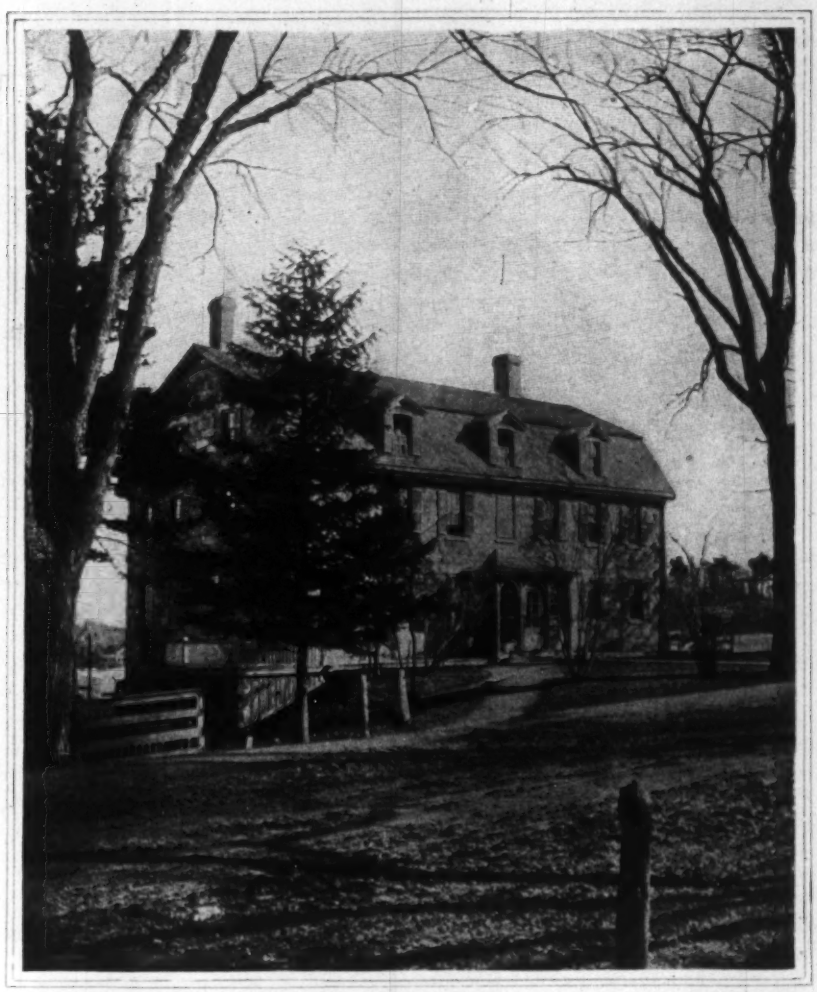
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE IN 1876.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

sweetest thoughts and facts about those whom they love and revere. During the latter part of her life Mrs. Stowe has been one of those devout Christian believers whose consecration takes high forms. She has placed faith in prayer, and given herself to the kind of dedication which exercises and cultivates it. There came a time in her history when one who was very dear to her seemed about to sink away from the faith in which she trusted, and to which life and sorrow had taught her to cling as only those who have suffered and doubted and accepted can.

This prospect was a crushing grief to her, and she set herself resolutely to avert the calamity if, and while, she could. Letter after letter—some of them thirty pages long—found its way from her pen to the foreign town in which German rationalism was doing its worst for the soul she loved. She set the full force of her intellect intelligently to work upon this conflict. She read, she reasoned, she wrote, she argued, she pleaded. Months passed in a struggle whose usefulness seemed a pitiable hope, to be frustrated in the effort.

Then she laid aside her strong pen, and turned to her great faith. As the season of the sacred holiday approached, she shut herself into her room, secluding herself from all but God, and prayed as only such a believer—as only such a woman—may. As she had set the full force of her intellect, so now she set the full power of her faith, to work upon her soul's desire. One



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S HOUSE AT ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

may not dwell in words upon that sacred battle.

But the beautiful part of the story, as I have been told it, is, that a few weeks after this, a letter reached her, saying only: "At Christmas time a light came to me. I see things differently now. I see my way to accept the faith of my fathers; and the belief in Christianity which is everything to you, has become reasonable and possible to me at last."

Andover is but twenty miles from Boston, and it was an easy slide from the Hill to town life. For many years my winters were practically spent among Boston friends. Nothing, however, can ever make a real country girl into a cockney; and my tendency towards town has never been a law of gravitation. I cannot remember the time when I was not happy to get back to country horizons; to the ice-storm on the heavily-hanging, glittering elms; to the blue snow that succeeds the rose of a clear, cold sunset; to the etching of the fine twigs against a winter sky at noon; to the white powder on the spruce boughs, and the deep color of the pines; to the noble brow of Wachusett solemnly greeting me from its distant watch; to the peace and the purity of unspotted drifts and snow-fields, and the stillness of long nights broken only by the starting and cracking of ice in the solid crust about the silent house; or even to the roar of the northwest gale, straight from the mountains, unobstructed and almighty, thundering against the quivering window like the soul of "a strong, wicked man" (as William Blake pictured him), set adrift in space; and always to the huge, open fires such as no city hearth ever knows,

generously ornamenting the furnace-heated house with the glow and the gladness that belong only to the heart of unstinted flame. I came home early and often (like the busy voter), and the soul of the true suburban, who cannot long look upon town as a place to "stay," grew in me. I can remember but once when the deprivations of the country in mid-winter gave me a kind of distaste amounting almost to horror, and like most of our strong or unnatural aversions, that was pathological. I was on crutches, and Andover Hill was in ice. The world wore a mail of frozen fire that lasted for many weeks. The snow-plough had abandoned the battle with the sidewalks, which rolled underfoot with broken icicles writhing upon solid ice.

The dignified elms, whose attitudes were not less stately in January than in June, bent like mutilated gods beneath their cruel loads. Their broken boughs and mangled branches lay frozen into the crust all over the Hill—a pitiable ruin. To this day, some of the finest trees in Andover have not recovered from the devastation of that winter. It was weeks before the mercy of the thaw befell them and us. Sometimes, then, the "shut-in," glancing at the world of ice which she dared not watch, thought with a certain Arctic desolation of laughing streets, of the sound of shovel and ice-pick on traversable pavements, of bright interiors, and welcoming eyes, and mettlesome conversation, and the little physical and large mental luxuries of the town, where winter is but a pleasant stage-scene in a warm theatre, shifting in its turn among the other diversions of life.

Among the charming homes towards which my good fortune led me in those years, were a few especially known in Boston for their graceful power in attracting distinguished guests. Of the friends who presided over these centres of delightful entertainment, all but one are yet living; it is, therefore, scarcely permitted me—excepting in his case—to put my affectionate debt in words.

So much has been written of Mr. Fields, and his interesting personality is still so well remembered, that perhaps I have little to add that is new to the appreciation in which he is yet held. He was a man not always understood; sometimes a little envied, but widely beloved. Perhaps no man in our country and in our times has commanded more personal friendships with valuable natures. His position at the head of one of the leading publishing houses of the land brought him, of course, into frequent relation with selected people. This great house, that has always aimed to publish literature, owes much of its position and power to his personality. It seems to me—I knew him well—fully as remarkable a personality now, at this distance of time, as I thought it when, as a frightened young author, I first accepted Mrs. Fields's hospitality and the friendship of both.

As a publisher, his courtesy amounted to beneficence. It used often to be said of him, that Mr. Fields could refuse a manuscript and send a rejected author away happier than any other man could by accepting it. It is easy for such geniality to slide into disingenuousness. In his case I never knew it to do so. He had one of the kindest hearts I ever knew; and his good will to men was a fountain springing up to continual life. From the first day when the letter about "The Gates Ajar" came to Andover—that thoughtful, personal letter, not left to any secretary to write for him—telling a hopeless girl that "the book was moving grandly," I received nothing but good measure from a publisher and a friend whose memory will always stand apart to me as that of one of the valuable influences of my life. I am but one of many who would say as much, and more, than this. After his death the tributes which poured in would have astonished those who only knew Mr. Fields as a man of the world, a gay converser, a delightful host, a *connoisseur* in letters, and a distinguished publisher. "He rendered me a great service." "In the darkest hour of my life he came, giving light and hope." "He was to me, as to so many others, the helpful friend when I most needed help. Such men are the heralds of the Millennium."

"His mind," said Dr. Holmes, "was as hospitable as his roof, which accepted famous writers and quiet friends alike, as if it had been their own."

Whittier, who had known Mr. Fields for forty years, wrote to me of him in these words: "He loved much, pitied much, and never hated. He was Christ-like in sympathy and kindness, and in doing good. My turn will soon come. God grant I may meet it with half his cheerfulness and patience."

It was written of him long ago: "Society will pass on 'Mr. Fields's stories' for years to come; but, when these are forgotten, silent men and women will cherish their sacred share of Mr. Fields's kindness."

One of his favorite dinner-table stories was of the man who was "a firm friend to every one who did not need a friend." His laughing eye would lie in wait to see if one would tumble into his little trap, and its merry respect for one's self-protecting intellect, if one perceived the net, was as refreshing as after-dinner coffee.

One of the prettiest stories I ever heard about Mr. Fields, I think, may have been already told in his memoirs; but I am sure I shall not be forbidden to recall it here.

On one of his lecture tours at the West, in a small town, an inexperienced young person had engaged him without suitable advertisements or arrangements. It was a bitter night, and the audience was so scanty that the poor young man who, presumably, had not a dollar wherewith to meet his liabilities, was overcome with anguish. Mr. Fields, used to the best audiences in America, exhibited no discomfort, but quietly took the young manager apart, released him from all pecuniary obligation to the lecturer, and inquired the extent of his indebtedness for all other expenses. These were quietly met out of the lecturer's own pocket, and that young man went away adoring.

I remember one instance which, undoubtedly, was but one of many like it, never brought to the knowledge of his friends, where Mr. Fields's observant eye discovered a well-known author under one of the lapses of fortune so common in our struggling calling—sick, neglected, and poor past the edge of want. The publisher hunted up the poor fellow, made a call of courtesy, talked a little in his cheerful way, and left. But that afternoon came to the sufferer the proceeds of his visitor's last lecture.

"I have just cashed the check," wrote the happy-natured Samaritan, "and am convinced the bills are counterfeit. I have no kind of use for them. Do get them off my hands."

Mr. Fields was a man of marked chivalry of nature, and at a time when it was not fashionable to help the movements for the elevation of women, his sympathy was distinct, fearless, and faithful. In a few instances we knew and he knew that this fact deprived him of the possession of certain public honors which would otherwise have been offered him.

He advocated the political advancement of our sex, co-education, and kindred movements, without any of that apologetic murmur so common among the half-hearted or the timid. His fastidious and cultivated literary taste was sensitive to the position of women in letters. He was incapable of that literary snobbishness which undervalues a woman's work because it is a woman's. A certain publishing enterprise which threatened to treat of eminent men came to his notice. He quickly said: "The time has gone by for that. Men and women! Men and *women!*"

"When the war is over," he said to Mrs. Livermore, when she appealed to him for some help (which he generously gave) in behalf of the Sanitary Commission, "you must give us a book of your experience, and show us the heavenly side of the war."

I remember one day, after his mortal illness was upon him, that I chanced to be passing through the hall as he was preparing to go out. He was too weak to put on his own overcoat, and he was obliged to ask a servant to do it for him. I was struck with the manner in which he did this. "Lisa," he said, gently, "I am *afraid* I must trouble you." Any thoughtful gentleman might have *said* as much; but how many would have given a servant an order in such a tone as his? It is not possible to reproduce the delicacy and chivalry of it; as if, because she was a woman, he would have spared her that trifling personal service.

I thought of this when I heard recently the testimony of a refined young woman who, to aid herself in her education, had taken service in a New York family, determined to try the experiment of "lady help," of which the employer talks so much, and concerning which the employee is often so mysteriously silent.

"I left the situation," she said. "The gentlemen of the family came in and handed me their dripping umbrellas on a wet day, without a glance or a word; not as if I were a human being—just as if I had been an umbrella stand. I could not bear it."

Bryant said of Mr. Fields that no one could impress upon the people of this country so well as he the value and importance of the study of English literature. This I believe to have been no exaggerated view of the usefulness and quality of his lectures and writings. Personal acquaintance with him was an intellectual privilege of which it is impossible to speak otherwise than gratefully.

My individual debt to Mr. Fields, in respect to my own work, is one which I

cannot and would not omit to acknowledge. He often helped me about my titles; and one of the best ever given to any book of mine—"Men, Women, and Ghosts"—was of his creation. In his fine literary judgment I had great confidence, and would have accepted almost any criticism from him trustfully. But perhaps his quick intuition perceived that I should be too easily disheartened, for I remember almost exclusively the pleasant, the hopeful, the appreciative words with which he stimulated my courage and my work.

I recall an occasion when I had ventured into an entirely new avenue of effort, and was in that chaos succeeding work and preceding publication, which one may call the author's abyss—so hopeless was I of the success of my undertaking. How did he know? For I had not said this to any person; but before the article came out, while it was yet in press, swiftly came the little note: "A better paper never appeared in this or any other magazine."

I held up my head and breathed again, until that dreaded and dreadful number of "The Atlantic" had gone by.

A clever man once introduced a gentleman to me in these words: "Let me present to you one of your natural foes—he is a publisher."

Such kindness and thoughtfulness as that of Mr. Fields endeared the publisher to his authors, and made of them his natural friends. His sense of delicacy in literary, as in all other matters, was of a high and fine quality.

I remember once dining at his table with a public singer who, though a woman of irreproachable character and position, had acquired a little something slipshod in her way of talking—of the sort that is common among people of the stage. She used a certain expression, perfectly simple and suitable to her view, but one which we were not accustomed to hear at that table. The face of the host, a moment before shining with geniality and fun, froze instantly. The perfect silence in which that unfortunate word was received, was the only rebuke possible under the circumstances; but it was enough. The guest understood, I think, though she looked as much astonished as embarrassed.

Before "The Story of Avis" went to press, I read the manuscript to Mr. and Mrs. Fields; it was the only time, I believe, that I imposed such a burden on these good friends. When I came to the chapter where Ostrander sits late at the piano, with Barbara, while his sick wife sleeps up-stairs, Mr. Fields interrupted me with an expression of recoil. "Oh, no!" he cried. "No, no! Not *that!* Don't introduce anything of that kind! Keep the story above *that!*"

He was appeased when I read on, and he learned that the worst of the situation consisted in the fact that Ostrander did take Barbara's hand. But I think his heart went back grudgingly to the tale which he had feared was about to descend into a moral quagmire, and that it took him some time to recover his trust in it. In the end I hope he did.

His was a rich life, and his a rare home. There has been no other in America quite like it. Those of us who received its hospitality, recall its inspiration among the treasures of our lives. We think of the peaceful library, into which the sunset over the Charles looked delicately, while the "best things" of thought were given and taken by the finest and strongest minds of the day in a kind of an electric interplay which makes by contrast a pale affair of the word "conversation," as we are apt to use it. We recall the quiet guest-chamber, apart from the noise of the street, and lifted far above the river; that room opulent and subtle with the astral shapes of past occupants—Longfellow, Whittier, Dickens, Thackeray, Mrs. Stowe, Kingsley, and the rest of their high order; and always resounding softly, to the fine ear, with the departed tread of Hawthorne, who used to pace the floor on sleepless nights. We remember the separation from small motives and paltriness, and from superficial adjustments, which that scholarly and gentle atmosphere commanded. We remember the master of that abode of thought and graciousness, as "dead, he lay among his books;" and wish that we had it in our power to portray him as he was.

THE LITTLE REGIMENT.

By Stephen Crane,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage."

I.

THE fog made the clothes of the column of men in the roadway seem of a luminous quality. It imparted to the heavy infantry overcoats a new color, a kind of blue which was so pale that a regiment might have been merely a long, low shadow in the mist. However, a muttering, one part grumble, three parts joke, hovered in the air above the thick ranks, and blended in an undertoned roar, which was the voice of the column.

The town on the southern shore of the little river loomed spectrally, a faint etching upon the gray cloud-masses which were shifting with oily languor. A long row of guns upon the northern bank had been pitiless in their hatred, but a little battered belfry could be dimly seen still pointing with invincible resolution toward the heavens.

The enclouded air vibrated with noises made by hidden colossal things. The infantry tramplings, the heavy rumbling of the artillery, made the earth speak of gigantic preparation. Guns on distant heights thundered from time to time with sudden, nervous roar, as if unable to endure in silence a knowledge of hostile troops massing, other guns going to position. These sounds, near and remote, defined an immense battle-ground, described the tremendous width of the stage of the prospective drama. The voice of the guns, slightly casual, unexcited in their challenges and warnings, could not destroy the unutterable eloquence of the word in the air, a meaning of impending struggle which made the breath halt at the lips.

The column in the roadway was ankle-deep in mud. The men swore piously at the rain, which drizzled upon them, compelling them to stand always very erect in fear of the drops that would sweep in under their coat-collars. The fog was as cold as wet clothes. The men stuffed their hands deep in their pockets, and huddled their muskets in their arms. The machinery of orders had rooted these soldiers deeply into the mud precisely as almighty nature roots mullein stalks.

They listened and speculated when a tumult of fighting came from the dim town across the river. When the noise lulled for a time, they resumed their descriptions of the mud and graphically exaggerated the number of hours they had been kept waiting. The general commanding their division rode along the ranks, and they cheered admiringly, affectionately, crying out to him gleeful prophecies of the coming battle. Each man scanned him with a peculiarly keen personal interest, and afterwards spoke of him with unquestioning devotion and confidence, narrating anecdotes which were mainly untrue.

When the jokers lifted the shrill voices which invariably belonged to them, flinging witticisms at their comrades, a loud laugh would sweep from rank to rank, and soldiers who had not heard would lean forward and demand repetition. When were borne past them some wounded men with gray and blood-smeared faces, and eyes that rolled in that helpless beseeching for assistance from the sky which comes with supreme pain, the soldiers in the mud watched intently, and from time to time asked of the bearers an account of the affair. Frequently they bragged of their corps, their division, their brigade, their regiment. Anon, they referred to the mud and the cold drizzle. Upon this threshold of a wild scene of death they, in short, defied the proportion of events with that splendor of heedlessness which belongs only to veterans.

"Like a lot of wooden soldiers," swore Billie Dempster, moving his feet in the thick mass, and casting a vindicative glance indefinitely; "standing in the mud for a hundred years."

"IN ONE MYSTIC CHANGING OF THE FOG . . . A SMALL GROUP OF THE GRAY SKIRMISHERS . . . WERE SUDDENLY DISCLOSED TO DAN AND THOSE ABOUT HIM."

"Oh, shut up!" murmured his brother Dan. The manner of his words implied that this fraternal voice near him was an indescribable bore.

"Why should I shut up?" demanded Billie.

"Because you're a fool," cried Dan, taking no time to debate it; "the biggest fool in the regiment."

There was but one man between them, and he was habituated. These insults from brother to brother had swept across his chest, flown past his face, many times during two long campaigns. Upon this occasion he simply grinned first at one, then at the other.

The way of these brothers was not an unknown topic in regimental gossip. They had enlisted simultaneously, with each sneering loudly at the other for doing it. They left their little town, and went forward with the flag, exchanging protestations of undying suspicion. In the camp life they so openly despised each other that, when entertaining quarrels were lacking, their companions often contrived situations calculated to bring forth display of this fraternal dislike.

Both were large-limbed, strong young men, and often fought with friends in camp unless one was near to interfere with the other. This latter happened rather frequently, because Dan, preposterously willing for any manner of combat, had a very great horror of seeing Billie in a fight; and Billie, almost odiously ready himself, simply refused to see Dan stripped to his shirt and with his fists aloft. This sat queerly upon them, and made them the objects of plots.

When Dan would jump through a ring of eager soldiers and drag forth his raving brother by the arm, a thing often predicted would almost come to pass. When Billie performed the same office for Dan, the prediction would again miss fulfil-

ment by an inch. But indeed they never fought together, although they were perpetually upon the verge.

They expressed longing for such conflict. As a matter of truth, they had at one time made full arrangement for it, but even with the encouragement and interest of half of the regiment they somehow failed to achieve collision.

If Dan became a victim of police duty, no jeering was so destructive to the feelings as Billie's comment. If Billie got a call to appear at the headquarters, none would so genially prophesy his complete undoing as Dan. Small misfortunes to one were, in truth, invariably greeted with hilarity by the other, who seemed to see in them great reënforcement of his opinion.

As soldiers, they expressed each for each a scorn intense and blasting. After a certain battle, Billie was promoted to corporal. When Dan was told of it, he seemed smitten dumb with astonishment and patriotic indignation. He stared in silence, while the dark blood rushed to Billie's forehead, and he shifted his weight from foot to foot. Dan at last found his tongue, and said: "Well, I'm durned!" If he had heard that an army mule had been appointed to the post of corps commander, his tone could not have had more derision in it. Afterward, he adopted a fervid insubordination, an almost religious reluctance to obey the new corporal's orders, which came near to developing the desired strife.

It is here finally to be recorded also that Dan, most ferociously profane in speech, very rarely swore in the presence of his brother; and that Billie, whose oaths came from his lips with the grace of falling pebbles, was seldom known to express himself in this manner when near his brother Dan.

At last the afternoon contained a suggestion of evening. Metallic cries rang suddenly from end to end of the column. They inspired at once a quick, business-like adjustment. The long thing stirred in the mud. The men had hushed, and were looking across the river. A moment later the shadowy mass of pale-blue figures was moving steadily toward the stream. There could be heard from the town a clash of swift fighting and cheering. The noise of the shooting coming through the heavy air had its sharpness taken from it, and sounded in thuds.

There was a halt upon the bank above the pontoons. When the column went winding down the incline, and streamed out upon the bridge, the fog had faded to a great degree, and in the clearer dusk the guns on a distant ridge were enabled to perceive the crossing. The long whirling outcries of the shells came into the air above the men. An occasional solid shot struck the surface of the river, and dashed into view a sudden vertical jet. The distance was subtly illuminated by the lightning from the deep-booming guns. One by one the batteries on the northern shore aroused, the innumerable guns bellowed in angry oration at the distant ridge. The rolling thunder crashed and reverberated as a wild surf sounds on a still night, and to this music the column marched across the pontoons.

The waters of the grim river curled away in a smile from the ends of the great boats, and slid swiftly beneath the planking. The dark, riddled walls of the town upreared before the troops, and from a region hidden by these hammered and tumbled houses came incessantly the yells and firings of a prolonged and close skirmish.

When Dan had called his brother a fool, his voice had been so decisive, so brightly assured, that many men had laughed, considering it to be great humor under the circumstances. The incident happened to rankle deep in Billie. It was not any strange thing that his brother had called him a fool. In fact, he often called him a fool with exactly the same amount of cheerful and prompt conviction, and before large audiences, too. Billie wondered in his own mind why he took such profound offence in this case; but, at any rate, as he slid down the bank and on to the bridge with his regiment, he was searching his knowledge for something that would pierce Dan's blithesome spirit. But he could contrive nothing at this time, and his impotency made the glance which he was once able to give his brother still more malignant.

The guns far and near were roaring a fearful and grand introduction for this column which was marching upon the stage of death. Billie felt it, but only in a numb way. His heart was cased in that curious dissonant metal which covers a man's emotions at such times. The terrible voices from the hills told him that in this wide conflict his life was an insignificant fact, and that his death would be an insignificant fact. They portended the whirlwind to which he would be as necessary as a waved butterfly's wing. The solemnity, the sadness of it came near enough to make him wonder why he was

neither solemn nor sad. When his mind vaguely adjusted events according to their importance to him, it appeared that the uppermost thing was the fact that upon the eve of battle, and before many comrades, his brother had called him a fool.

Dan was in a particularly happy mood. "Hurray! Look at 'em shoot," he said, when the long witches' croon of the shells came into the air. It enraged Billie when he felt the little thorn in him, and saw at the same time that his brother had completely forgotten.

The column went from the bridge into more mud. At this southern end there was a chaos of hoarse directions and commands. Darkness was coming upon the earth, and regiments were being hurried up the slippery bank. As Billie floundered in the black mud, amid the swearing, sliding crowd, he suddenly resolved that, in the absence of other means of hurting Dan, he would avoid looking at him, refrain from speaking to him, pay absolutely no heed to his existence; and this done skilfully would, he imagined, soon reduce his brother to a poignant sensitiveness.

At the top of the bank the column again halted, and rearranged itself, as a man after a climb rearranges his clothing. Presently the great steel-backed brigade, an infinitely graceful thing in the rhythm and ease of its veteran movement, swung up a little narrow, slanting street.

Evening had come so swiftly that the fighting on the remote borders of the town was indicated by thin flashes of flame. Some building was on fire, and its reflection upon the clouds was an oval of delicate pink.

II.

All demeanor of rural serenity had been wrenched violently from the little town by the guns and by the waves of men which had surged through it. The hand of war laid upon this village had in an instant changed it to a thing of remnants. It resembled the place of a monstrous shaking of the earth itself. The windows, now mere unsightly holes, made the tumbled and blackened dwellings seem skeletons. Doors lay splintered to fragments. Chimneys had flung their bricks everywhere. The artillery fire had not neglected the rows of gentle shade-trees which had lined the streets. Branches and heavy trunks cluttered the mud in driftwood tangles, while a few shattered forms had contrived to remain dejectedly, mournfully upright. They expressed an innocence, a helplessness, which perforce created a pity for their happening into this cauldron of battle. Furthermore, there was under foot a vast collection of odd things reminiscent of the charge, the fight, the retreat. There were boxes and barrels filled with earth, behind which riflemen had lain snugly, and in these little trenches were the dead in blue with the dead in gray, the poses eloquent of the struggles for possession of the town until the history of the whole conflict was written plainly in the streets.

And yet the spirit of this little city, its quaint individuality, poised in the air above the ruins, defying the guns, the sweeping volleys; holding in contempt those avaricious blazes which had attacked many dwellings. The hard earthen sidewalks proclaimed the games that had been played there during long lazy days, in the careful shadows of the trees. "General Merchandise," in faint letters upon a long board, had to be read with a slanted glance, for the board dangled by one end; but the porch of the old store was a palpable legend of wide-hatted men, smoking.

This subtle essence, this soul of the life that had been, brushed like invisible wings the thoughts of the men in the swift columns that came up from the river.

In the darkness a loud and endless humming arose from the great blue crowds bivouacked in the streets. From time to time a sharp spatter of firing from far picket lines entered this bass chorus. The smell from the smouldering ruins floated on the cold night breeze.

Dan, seated ruefully upon the doorstep of a shot-pierced house, was proclaiming the campaign badly managed. Orders had been issued forbidding camp-fires.

Suddenly he ceased his oration, and scanning the group of his comrades, said: "Where's Billie? Do you know?"

"Gone on picket."

"Get out! Has he?" said Dan. "No business to go on picket. Why don't some of them other corporals take their turn?"

A bearded private was smoking his pipe of confiscated tobacco, seated comfortably upon a horse-hair trunk which he had dragged from the house. He observed: "*Was* his turn."

"No such thing," cried Dan. He and the man on the horse-hair trunk held discussion, in which Dan stoutly maintained

that if his brother had been sent on picket it was an injustice. He ceased his argument when another soldier, upon whose arms could faintly be seen the two stripes of a corporal, entered the circle. "Humph," said Dan, "where you been?"

The corporal made no answer. Presently Dan said: "Billie, where you been?"

His brother did not seem to hear these inquiries. He glanced at the house which towered above them, and remarked casually to the man on the horse-hair trunk: "Funny, ain't it? After the pelting this town got, you'd think there wouldn't be one brick left on another."

"Oh," said Dan, glowering at his brother's back. "Getting mighty smart, ain't you?"

The absence of camp-fires allowed the evening to make apparent its quality of faint silver light in which the blue clothes of the throng became black, and the faces became white expanses, void of expression. There was considerable excitement a short distance from the group around the doorstep. A soldier had chanced upon a hoop-skirt, and arrayed in it he was performing a dance amid the applause of his companions. Billie and a greater part of the men immediately poured over there, to witness the exhibition.

"What's the matter with Billie?" demanded Dan of the man upon the horse-hair trunk.

"How do I know?" rejoined the other in mild resentment. He arose and walked away. When he returned he said briefly, in a weather-wise tone, that it would rain during the night.

Dan took a seat upon one end of the horse-hair trunk. He was facing the crowd around the dancer, which in its hilarity swung this way and that way. At times he imagined that he could recognize his brother's face.

He and the man on the other end of the trunk thoughtfully talked of the army's position. To their minds, infantry and artillery were in a most precarious jumble in the streets of the town; but they did not grow nervous over it, for they were used to having the army appear in a precarious jumble to their minds. They had learned to accept such puzzling situations as a consequence of their position in the ranks, and were now usually in possession of a simple but perfectly immovable faith that somebody understood the jumble. Even if they had been convinced that the army was a headless monster, they would merely have nodded with the veteran's singular cynicism. It was none of their business as soldiers. Their duty was to grab sleep and food when occasion permitted, and cheerfully fight wherever their feet were planted, until more orders came. This was a task sufficiently absorbing.

They spoke of other corps, and this talk being confidential, their voices dropped to tones of awe. "The Ninth"—"The First"—"The Fifth"—"The Sixth"—"The Third"—the simple numerals rang with eloquence, each having a meaning which was to float through many years as no intangible arithmetical mist, but as pregnant with individuality as the names of cities.

Of their own corps they spoke with a deep veneration, an idolatry, a supreme confidence which apparently would not blanch to see it matched against everything.

It was as if their respect for other corps was due partly to a wonder that organizations not blessed with their own famous numeral could take such an interest in war. They could prove that their division was the best in the corps, and that their brigade was the best in the division. And their regiment—it was plain that no fortune of life was equal to the chance which caused a man to be born, so to speak, into this command, the proud keystone of the defending arch.

At times Dan covered with insults the character of a vague, unnamed general to whose petulance and busy-body spirit he ascribed the order which made hot coffee impossible.

Dan said that victory was certain in the coming battle. The other man seemed rather dubious. He remarked upon the fortified line of hills, which had impressed him even from the other side of the river. "Shucks," said Dan. "Why, we—" He pictured a splendid overflowing of these hills by the sea of men in blue. During the period of this conversation Dan's glance searched the merry throng about the dancer. Above the babble of voices in the street a far-away thunder could sometimes be heard—evidently from the very edge of the horizon—the boom-boom of restless guns.

III.

ULTIMATELY the night deepened to the tone of black velvet. The outlines of the fireless camp were like the faint drawings

"THE LINE, GALLOPING, SCRAMBLING, PLUNGING LIKE A HERD OF WOUNDED HORSES, WENT OVER A FIELD THAT WAS SOWN WITH CORPSES."

upon ancient tapestry. The glint of a rifle, the shine of a button might have been of threads of silver and gold sewn upon the fabric of the night. There was little presented to the vision, but to a sense more subtle there was discernible in the atmosphere something like a pulse; a mystic beating which would have told a stranger of the presence of a giant thing —the slumbering mass of regiments and batteries.

With fires forbidden, the floor of a dry old kitchen was thought to be a good exchange for the cold earth of December, even if a shell had exploded in it and knocked it so out of shape that when a man lay curled in his blanket his last waking thought was likely to be of the wall that bellied out above him as if strongly anxious to topple upon the score of soldiers.

Billie looked at the bricks ever about to descend in a shower upon his face, listened to the industrious pickets plying their rifles on the border of the town, imagined some measure of the din of the coming battle, thought of Dan and Dan's chagrin, and, rolling over in his blanket, went to sleep with satisfaction.

At an unknown hour he was aroused by the creaking of boards. Lifting himself upon his elbow, he saw a sergeant prowling among the sleeping forms. The sergeant carried a candle in an old brass

candlestick. He would have resembled some old farmer on an unusual midnight tour if it were not for the significance of his gleaming buttons and striped sleeves.

Billie blinked stupidly at the light until his mind returned from the journeys of slumber. The sergeant stooped among the unconscious soldiers, holding the candle close, and peering into each face.

"Hello, Haines," said Billie. "Relief?"

"Hello, Billie," said the sergeant. "Special duty."

"Dan got to go?"

"Jameson, Hunter, McCormack, D. Dempster. Yes. Where is he?"

"Over there by the winder," said Billie, gesturing. "What is it for, Haines?"

"You don't think I know, do you?" demanded the sergeant. He began to pipe sharply but cheerily at men upon the floor. "Come, Mac, get up here. Here's a special for you. Wake up, Jameson. Come along, Dannie, me boy."

Each man at once took this call to duty as a personal affront. They pulled themselves out of their blankets, rubbed their eyes, and swore at whoever was responsible. "Them's orders," cried the sergeant. "Come! Get out of here." An undetailed head, with dishevelled hair, thrust out from a blanket, and a sleepy voice said: "Shut up, Haines, and go home."

When the detail clanked out of the kitchen, all but one of the remaining men seemed to be again asleep. Billie, leaning on his elbow, was gazing into darkness. When the footsteps died to silence, he curled himself into his blanket.

At the first cool lavender lights of daybreak he aroused again, and scanned his recumbent companions. Seeing a wakeful one he asked: "Is Dan back yet?"

The man said: "Hain't seen 'im."

Billie put both hands behind his head, and scowled into the air. "Can't see the use of these cussed details in the nighttime," he muttered in his most unreasonable tones. "Darn nuisances. Why can't they—" He grumbled at length and graphically.

When Dan entered with the squad, however, Billie was convincingly asleep.

IV.

THE regiment trotted in double time along the street, and the colonel seemed to quarrel over the right of way with many artillery officers. Batteries were waiting in the mud, and the men of them, exasperated by the bustle of this ambitious infantry, shook their fists from saddle and caisson, exchanging all manner of taunts and jests. The slanted guns continued to look reflectively at the ground.

On the outskirts of the crumbled town a fringe of blue figures were firing into the fog. The regiment swung out into skirmish lines, and the fringe of blue figures departed, turning their backs and going joyfully around the flank.

The bullets began a low moan off toward a ridge which loomed faintly in the heavy mist. When the swift crescendo had reached its climax, the missiles zipped just overhead, as if piercing an invisible curtain. A battery on the hill was crashing with such tumult that it was as if the guns had quarrelled and had fallen pell-mell and snarling upon each other. The shells howled on their journey toward the town. From short-range distance there came a spatter of musketry, sweeping along an invisible line and making faint sheets of orange light.

Some in the new skirmish lines were beginning to fire at various shadows discerned in the vapor, forms of men suddenly revealed by some humor of the laggard masses of clouds. The crackle of musketry began to dominate the purring of the hostile bullets. Dan, in the front rank, held his rifle poised, and looked into the fog keenly, coldly, with the air of a sportsman. His nerves were so steady that it was as if they had been drawn from his body, leaving him merely a muscular machine; but his numb heart was somehow beating to the pealing march of the fight.

The waving skirmish line went backward and forward, ran this way and that way. Men got lost in the fog, and men were found again. Once they got too close to the formidable ridge, and the thing burst out as if repulsing a general attack. Once another blue regiment was apprehended on the very edge of firing into them. Once a friendly battery began an elaborate and scientific process of extermination. Always as busy as brokers, the men slid here and there over the plain, fighting their foes, escaping from their friends, leaving a history of many movements in the wet yellow turf, cursing the atmosphere, blazing away every time they could identify the enemy.

In one mystic changing of the fog, as if the fingers of spirits were drawing aside these draperies, a small group of the gray

skirmishers, silent, statuesque, were suddenly disclosed to Dan and those about him. So vivid and near were they that there was something uncanny in the revelation.

There might have been a second of mutual staring. Then each rifle in each group was at the shoulder. As Dan's glance flashed along the barrel of his weapon, the figure of a man suddenly loomed as if the musket had been a telescope. The short black beard, the slouch hat, the pose of the man as he sighted to shoot, made a quick picture in Dan's mind. The same moment, it would seem, he pulled his own trigger, and the man, smitten, lurched forward, while his exploding rifle made a slanting crimson streak in the air, and the slouch hat fell before the body. The billows of the fog, governed by singular impulses, rolled between.

"You got that feller sure enough," said a comrade to Dan. Dan looked at him absent-mindedly.

V.

When the next morning calmly displayed another fog, the men of the regiment exchanged eloquent comments; but they did not abuse it at length, because the streets of the town now contained enough galloping aides to make three troops of cavalry, and they knew that they had come to the verge of the great fight.

Dan conversed with the man who had once possessed a horse-hair trunk; but they did not mention the line of hills which had furnished them in more careless moments with an agreeable topic. They avoided it now as condemned men do the subject of death, and yet the thought of it stayed in their eyes as they looked at each other and talked gravely of other things.

The expectant regiment heaved a long sigh of relief when the sharp call, "Fall in!" repeated indefinitely, arose in the streets. It was inevitable that a bloody battle was to be fought, and they wanted to get it off their minds. They were, however, doomed again to spend a long period planted firmly in the mud. They craned their necks, and wondered where some of the other regiments were going.

At last the mists rolled carelessly away. Nature made at this time all provisions to enable foes to see each other, and immediately the roar of guns resounded from every hill. The endless cracking of the skirmishers swelled to rolling crashes of musketry. Shells screamed with panther-like noises at the houses. Dan looked at the man of the horse-hair trunk, and the man said: "Well, here she comes!"

The tenor voices of younger officers and the deep and hoarse voices of the older ones rang in the streets. These cries pricked like spurs. The masses of men vibrated from the suddenness with which they were plunged into the situation of troops about to fight. That the orders were long-expected did not concern the emotion.

Simultaneous movement was imparted to all these thick bodies of men and horses that lay in the town. Regiment after regiment swung rapidly into the streets that faced the sinister ridge.

This exodus was theatrical. The little sober-hued village had been like the cloak which disguises the king of drama. It was now put aside, and an army, splendid thing of steel and blue, stood forth in the sunlight.

Even the soldiers in the heavy columns drew deep breaths at the sight, more majestic than they had dreamed. The heights of the enemy's position were crowded with men who resembled people come to witness some mighty pageant. But as the column moved steadily to their positions, the guns, matter-of-fact warriors, doubled their number, and shells burst with red thrilling tumult on the crowded plain. One came into the ranks of the regiment, and after the smoke and the wrath of it had faded, leaving motionless figures, every one stormed according to the limits of his vocabulary, for veterans detest being killed when they are not busy.

The regiment sometimes looked sideways at its brigade companions composed of men who had never been in battle; but no frozen blood could withstand the heat of the splendor of this army before the eyes on the plain, these lines so long that the flanks were little streaks, this mass of men of one intention. The recruits carried themselves heedlessly. At the rear was an idle battery, and three artillerymen in a foolish row on a caisson nudged each other and grinned at the recruits. "You'll catch it pretty soon," they called out. They were impersonally gleeful, as if they themselves were not also likely to catch it pretty soon. But with this picture of an army in their hearts, the new men perhaps felt the devotion which the drops may feel for the wave; they were of its power and glory; they smiled jauntily at the foolish

row of gunners, and told them to go to blazes.

The column trotted across some little bridges, and spread quickly into lines of battle. Before them was a bit of plain, and back of the plain was the ridge. There was no time left for considerations. The men were staring at the plain, mightily wondering how it would feel to be out there, when a brigade in advance yelled and charged. The hill was all gray smoke and fire-points.

That fierce elation in the terrors of war, catching a man's heart and making it burn with such ardor that he becomes capable of dying, flashed in the faces of the men like colored lights, and made them resemble leashed animals, eager, ferocious, daunting at nothing. The line was really in its first leap before the wild, hoarse crying of the orders.

The greed for close quarters which is the emotion of a bayonet charge came then into the minds of the men and developed until it was a madness. The field, with its faded grass of a Southern winter, seemed miles in width to this fury.

High, slow-moving masses of smoke, with an odor of burning cotton, engulfed the line until the men might have been swimmers. Before them the ridge, the shore of this gray sea, was outlined, crossed, and re-crossed by sheets of flame. The howl of the battle arose to the noise of innumerable wind demons.

The line, galloping, scrambling, plunging like a herd of wounded horses, went over a field that was sown with corpses, the records of other charges.

Directly in front of the black-faced, whooping Dan, carousing in this onward sweep like a new kind of fiend, a wounded man appeared, raising his shattered body, and staring at this rush of men down upon him. It seemed to occur to him that he was to be trampled; he made a desperate, piteous effort to escape; then finally huddled in a waiting heap. Dan and the soldier near him widened the interval between them without looking down, without appearing to heed the wounded man. This little clump of blue seemed to reel past them as bowlders reel past a train.

Bursting through a smoke-wave, the scampering, unformed bunches came upon the wreck of the brigade that had preceded them, a floundering mass stopped afar from the hill by the swirling volleys.

It was as if a necromancer had suddenly shown them a picture of the fate which awaited them; but the line with a muscular spasm hurled itself over this wreckage and onward, until men were stumbling amid the relics of other assaults, the point where the fire from the ridge consumed.

The men, panting, perspiring, with crazed faces, tried to push against it; but it was as if they had come to a wall. The wave halted, shuddered in an agony from the quick struggle of its two desires, then toppled, and broke into a fragmentary thing which has no name.

Veterans could now at last be distinguished from recruits. The new regiments were instantly gone, lost, scattered, as if they never had been. But the sweeping failure of the charge, the battle, could not make the veterans forget their business. With a last throe, the band of maniacs drew itself up and blazed a volley at the hill, insignificant to those iron intrenchments, but nevertheless expressing that singular final despair which enables men to coolly defy the walls of a city of death.

After this episode the men renamed their command. They called it the Little Regiment.

VI.

"I SEEN Dan shoot a feller yesterday. Yes, sir. I'm sure it was him that done it. And maybe he thinks about that feller now, and wonders if *he* tumbled down just about the same way. Them things come up in a man's mind."

Bivouac fires upon the sidewalks, in the streets, in the yards, threw high their wavering reflections, which examined, like slim, red fingers, the dingy, scarred walls and the piles of tumbled brick. The droning of voices again arose from great blue crowds.

The odor of frying bacon, the fragrance from countless little coffee-pails floated among the ruins. The rifles, stacked in the shadows, emitted flashes of steely light. Wherever a flag lay horizontally from one stack to another was the bed of an eagle which had led men into the mystic smoke.

The men about a particular fire were engaged in holding in check their jovial spirits. They moved whispering around the blaze, although they looked at it with a certain fine contentment, like laborers after a day's hard work.

There was one who sat apart. They did not address him save in tones suddenly changed. They did not regard him directly, but always in little sidelong glances.

At last a soldier from a distant fire came

into this circle of light. He studied for a time the man who sat apart. Then he hesitatingly stepped closer, and said: "Got any news, Dan?"

"No," said Dan.

The new-comer shifted his feet. He looked at the fire, at the sky, at the other men, at Dan. His face expressed a curious despair; his tongue was plainly in rebellion. Finally, however, he contrived to say: "Well, there's some chance yet, Dan. Lots of the wounded are still lying out there, you know. There's some chance yet."

"Yes," said Dan.

The soldier shifted his feet again, and looked miserably into the air. After another struggle he said: "Well, there's some chance yet, Dan." He moved hastily away.

One of the men of the squad, perhaps encouraged by this example, now approached the still figure. "No news yet, hey?" he said, after coughing behind his hand.

"No," said Dan.

"Well," said the man, "I've been thinking of how he was fretting about you the night you went on special duty. You recollect? Well, sir, I was surprised. He couldn't say enough about it. I swan, I don't believe he slep' a wink after you left, but just lay awake cussing special duty and worrying. I was surprised. But there he lay cussing. He——"

Dan made a curious sound, as if a stone had wedged in his throat. He said: "Shut up, will you?"

Afterward the men would not allow this moody contemplation of the fire to be interrupted.

"Oh, let him alone, can't you?"

"Come away from there, Casey!"

"Say, can't you leave him be?"

They moved with reverence about the immovable figure, with its countenance of mask-like invulnerability.

VII.

After the red round eye of the sun had stared long at the little plain and its burden, darkness, a sable mercy, came heavily upon it, and the wan hands of the dead were no longer seen in strange frozen gestures.

The heights in front of the plain shone with tiny camp-fires, and from the town in the rear, small shimmerings ascended from the blazes of the bivouac. The plain was a black expanse upon which, from time time, dots of light, lanterns, floated slowly here and there. These fields were long steeped in grim mystery.

Suddenly, upon one dark spot, there was a resurrection. A strange thing had been groaning there, prostrate. Then it suddenly dragged itself to a sitting posture, and became a man.

The man stared stupidly for a moment at the lights on the hill, then turned and contemplated the faint coloring over the town. For some moments he remained thus, staring with dull eyes, his face unemotional, wooden.

Finally he looked around him at the corpses dimly to be seen. No change flashed into his face upon viewing these men. They seemed to suggest merely that his information concerning himself was not too complete. He ran his fingers over his arms and chest, bearing always the air of an idiot upon a bench at an almshouse door.

Finding no wound in his arms nor in his chest, he raised his hand to his head, and the fingers came away with some dark liquid upon them. Holding these fingers close to his eyes, he scanned them in the same stupid fashion, while his body gently swayed.

The soldier rolled his eyes again toward the town. When he arose, his clothing peeled from the frozen ground like wet paper. Hearing the sound of it, he seemed to see reason for deliberation. He paused and looked at the ground, then at his trousers, then at the ground.

Finally he went slowly off toward the faint reflection, holding his hands palm outward before him, and walking in the manner of a blind man.

VIII.

The immovable Dan again sat unaddressed in the midst of comrades, who did not joke aloud. The dampness of the usual morning fog seemed to make the little camp-fires furious.

Suddenly a cry arose in the streets, a shout of amazement and delight. The men making breakfast at the fire looked up quickly. They broke forth in clamorous exclamation: "Well! Of all things! Dan! Dan! Look who's coming! Oh, Dan!"

Dan the silent raised his eyes and saw a

man, with a bandage of the size of a helmet about his head, receiving a furious demonstration from the company. He was shaking hands, and explaining, and haranguing to a high degree.

Dan started. His skin of bronze flushed to his temples. He seemed about to leap from the ground, but then suddenly he sank back, and resumed his impassive gazing.

The men were in a flurry. They looked from one to the other. "Dan! Look! See who's coming!" some cried again. "Dan! Look!"

He scowled at last, and moved his shoulders sullenly. "Well, don't I know it?"

But they could not be convinced that his eyes were in service. "Dan! Why can't you look? See who's coming!"

He made a gesture then of irritation and rage. "Curse it! Don't I know it?"

The man with a bandage of the size of a helmet moved forward, always shaking hands and explaining. At times his glance wandered to Dan, who sat with his eyes riveted.

After a series of shiftings, it occurred naturally that the man with the bandage was very near to the man who saw the flames. He paused, and there was a little silence. Finally he said: "Hello, Dan."

"Hello, Billie."

COME, POET, COME!

By Arthur Hugh Clough.

Come, Poet, come!
A thousand laborers ply their task,
And what it tends to scarcely ask;
And trembling thinkers on the brink
Shiver, and know not how to think.
To tell the purport of their pain,
And what our silly joys contain;
In lasting lineaments portray
The substance of the shadowy day;
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,
And make our meaning clear in verse:
Come, Poet, come! for but in vain
We do the work or feel the pain,
And gather up the seeming gain,
Unless before the end thou come
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, Poet, come!
To give an utterance to the dumb,
And make vain babblers silent, come;
A thousand dupes point here and there,
Bewildered by the show and glare;
And wise men half have learned to doubt
Whether we are not best without.
Come, Poet; both but wait to see
Their error proved to them in thee.

Come, Poet, come!
In vain I seem to call. And yet
Think not the living times forget.
Ages of heroes fought and fell
That Homer in the end might tell;
O'er grovelling generations past
Upstood the Doric fane at last;
And countless hearts on countless years
Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears;
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome
The pure perfection of her dome.
Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead had sown,
The dead forgotten and unknown.

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"IN THE RUKH."

MOWGLI'S INTRODUCTION TO WHITE MEN.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-Room Ballads," etc.

The Only Son lay down again and dreamed that he dreamed a dream,
The last ash dropped from the dying fire with the click of a falling spark,
And the Only Son woke up again and called across the dark:
"Now, was I born of womankind and laid in a mother's breast?
For I have dreamed of a shaggy hide whereon I went to rest.
And was I born of womankind and laid on a father's arm?
For I have dreamed of long white teeth that guarded me from harm.
Oh, was I born of womankind and did I play alone?
For I have dreamed of playmates twain that bit me to the bone.
And did I break the barley bread and steep it in the tyre?
For I have dreamed of a youngling kid new-riven from the byre.
An hour it lacks and an hour it lacks to the rising of the moon,
But I can see the black roof-beams as plain as it were noon.
'Tis a league and a league to the Lena Falls, where the trooping sambhur go;
But I can hear the little fawn that bleats behind the doe.
'Tis a league and a league to the Lena Falls, where the crop and the upland meet;
But I can smell the warm wet wind that whispers through the wheat!"

—*The Only Son.*

OF the wheels of public service that turn under the Indian Government, there is none more important than the Department of Woods and Forests. The reboisement of all India is in its hands—or will be when Government has the money to spend. Its servants wrestle with wandering sand-torrents and shifting dunes: wattling them at the sides, damming them in front, and pegging them down atop with coarse grass and unhappy pine after the rules of Nancy. They are responsible for all the timber in the state forests of the Himalayas, as well as for the denuded hillsides that the monsoons wash into dry gullies and aching ravines, each cut a mouth crying aloud what carelessness can do. They experiment with battalions of foreign trees, and coax the blue-gum to take root and, perhaps, dry up the canal fever. In the plains the chief part of their duty is to see that the belt fire-lines in the forest reserves are kept clean, so that, when drouth comes and the cattle starve, they may throw the reserve open to the villager's herds and allow the man himself to gather sticks. They poll and lop for the stacked railway fuel along the

Note.—This tale, published in "Many Inventions" (D. Appleton & Co.), 1893, was the first written of the Mowgli stories, though it deals with the closing chapters of his career—namely, his introduction to white men, his marriage and civilization, all of which took place, we may infer, some two or three years after he had finally broken away from his friends in the jungle (*vide* "The Spring Running," Second Jungle Book). Those who know the geography of India will see that it is a far cry from Seeonee to a Northern forest reserve; but though many curious things must have befallen Mowgli, we have no certain record of his adventures during those wanderings. There are, however, legends.—*Rudyard Kipling.*

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lines that burn no coal; they calculate the profit of their plantations to five points of decimals; they are the doctors and midwives of the huge teak forests of Upper Burma, the rubber of the Eastern jungles, and the gall-nuts of the South; and they are always hampered by lack of funds. But since a forest officer's business takes him far from the beaten roads and the regular stations, he learns to grow wise in more than wood-lore alone; to know the people and the polity of the jungle; meeting tiger, bear, leopard, wild-dog, and all the deer, not once or twice after days of beating, but again and again in the execution of his duty. He spends much time in saddle or under canvas—the friend of newly planted trees, the associate of uncouth rangers and hairy trackers—till the woods that show his care in turn set their mark upon him, and he ceases to sing the naughty French songs he learned at Nancy, and grows silent with the silent things of the undergrowth.

Gisborne of the Woods and Forests had spent four years in the service. At first he loved it without comprehension, because it led him into the open on horseback and gave him authority. Then he hated it furiously, and would have given a year's pay for one month of such society as India affords. That crisis over, the forests took him back again, and he was content to serve them, to deepen and widen his fire-lines, to watch the green mist of his new plantations against the older foliage, to dredge out the choked stream, and to follow and strengthen the last struggle of the forest where it broke down and died among the long pig-grass. On some still day the grass would be burned off, and a hundred beasts that had their homes there would rush out before the pale flames at high noon. Later, the forest would creep forward over the blackened ground in orderly lines of saplings, and Gisborne, watching, would be well pleased. His bungalow, a thatched, white-walled cottage of two rooms, was set at one end of the great *rukh* and overlooking it. He made no pretence at keeping a garden, for the *rukh* swept up to his door, curled over in a thicket of bamboo, and he rode from his veranda into its heart without the need of any carriage drive.

Abdul Gafur, his fat Mohammedan butler, fed him when he was at home, and spent the rest of the time gossiping with the little band of native servants whose huts lay behind the bungalow. There were two grooms, a cook, a water-carrier, and a sweeper, and that was all. Gisborne cleaned his own guns and kept no dog. Dogs scared the game, and it pleased the man to be able to say where the subjects of his kingdom would drink at moonrise, eat before dawn, and lie up in the day's heat. The rangers and forest-guards lived in little huts far away in the *rukh*, only appearing when one of them had been injured by a falling tree or a wild beast. There Gisborne was alone.

In spring the *rukh* put out few new leaves, but lay dry and still, untouched by the finger of the year, waiting for rain. Only there was then more calling and roaring in the dark on a quiet night, the tumult of a battle-royal among the tigers, the bellowing of an arrogant buck, or the steady wood-chopping of an old boar sharpening his tushes against a bole. Then Gisborne laid aside his little-used gun altogether, for it was to him a sin to kill. In summer, through the furious May heats, the *rukh* reeled in the haze, and Gisborne watched for the first sign of curling smoke that should betray a forest fire. Then came the rains with a roar, and the *rukh* was blotted out in fetch after fetch of warm mist, and the broad leaves drummed the night through under the big drops; and there was a noise of running water, and of juicy green stuff crackling where the wind struck it, and

MOWGLI PRESENTS HIMSELF.

the lightning wove patterns behind the dense matting of the foliage, till the sun broke loose again and the *rukh* stood with hot flanks smoking to the newly washed sky. Then the heat and the dry cold subdued everything to tiger-color again. So Gisborne learned to know his *rukh* and was very happy. His pay came month by month, but he had very little need for money. The currency notes accumulated in the drawer where he kept his home letters and the re-capping machine. If he drew anything, it was to make a purchase from the Calcutta Botanical Gardens, or to pay a ranger's widow a sum that the Government of India would never have sanctioned.

Payment was good, but vengeance was

THE JUNGLE PEOPLE — THE POISON SNAKES

also necessary, and he took it when he could. One night of many nights a runner, breathless and gasping, came to him with the news that a forest-guard lay dead by the Kanye stream, the side of his head smashed in as though it had been an egg-shell. Gisborne went out at dawn to look for the murderer. It is only travellers, and now and then young soldiers, who are known to the world as great hunters. The forest officers take their *shikar* as part of the day's work, and no one hears of it. Gisborne went on foot to the place of the kill. The widow was wailing over the corpse as it lay on a bedstead, while two or three men were looking at foot-prints on the moist ground. "That is the Red One," said a man. "I knew he would turn to man in time, but surely there is game enough even for him. This must have been done for blood's-lust."

"The Red One lies up in the rocks at the back of the *sal* trees," said Gisborne. He knew the tiger under suspicion.

"Not now, sahib, not now. He will be raging and ranging to and fro. Remember that the first kill is a triple kill always. Our blood makes them mad. He may be behind us even as we speak."

"He may have gone to the next hut," said another. "It is only four *koss*. Wallah, who is this?"

Gisborne turned with the others. A man was walking down the dried bed of the stream, naked except for the loin-cloth, but crowned with a wreath of the tasselled blossoms of the white convolvulus creeper. So noiselessly did he move over the little pebbles, that even Gisborne, used to the soft-footedness of trackers, started.

"The tiger that killed," he began without any salute, "has gone to drink, and now he is asleep under a rock beyond that hill." His voice was clear and bell-like, utterly different from the usual whine of the native, and his face, as he lifted it in the sunshine, might have been that of an angel strayed among the woods. The widow ceased wailing above the corpse and looked round-eyed at the

ABDUL GAFUR AND THE WHITE MARE.

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stranger, returning to her duty with double strength.

"Shall I show the sahib?" he said simply.

"If thou art sure——" Gisborne began.

"Sure indeed. I saw him only an hour ago—the dog. It is before his time to eat man's flesh. He has yet a dozen sound teeth in his evil head."

The men kneeling above the footprints slunk off quietly, for fear that Gisborne should ask them to go with him, and the young man laughed a little to himself.

"Come, sahib," he cried, and turned on his heel, walking before his companion.

"Not so fast. I cannot keep that pace," said the white man. "Halt there. Thy face is new to me."

"That may be. I am but newly come into this forest."

"From what village?"

"I am without a village. I came from over there." He flung out his arm towards the north.

"A gipsy, then?"

"No, sahib; I am a man without caste, and for matter of that without a father."

"What do men call thee?"

"Mowgli, sahib. And what is the sahib's name?"

"I am the warden of this *rukh*—Gisborne is my name."

"How? Do they number the trees and the blades of grass here?"

"Even so; lest such gipsy fellows as thou set them afire."

"I! I would not hurt the jungle for any gift. That is my home."

He turned to Gisborne with a smile that was irresistible, and held up a warning hand.

"Now, sahib, we must go a little quietly. There is no need to wake the dog, though he sleeps heavily enough. Perhaps it were better if I went forward alone and drove him down-wind to the sahib."

"Allah! Since when have tigers been driven to and fro like cattle by naked men?" said Gisborne, aghast at the man's audacity.

He laughed again softly. "Nay, then, come along with me, and shoot him in thy own way with the big English rifle."

Gisborne stepped in his guide's track; twisted, crawled, and clomb and stooped and suffered through all the many agonies of a jungle-stalk. He was purple and dripping with sweat when Mowgli at the last bade him raise his head and peer over a blue baked rock near a tiny hill pool. By the water-side lay the tiger, extended and at ease, lazily licking clean again an enormous elbow and fore-paw. He was old, yellow-toothed, and not a little mangy, but, in that setting and sunshine, imposing enough.

Gisborne had no false ideas of sport where a man-eater was concerned. This thing was vermin, to be killed as speedily as possible. He waited to recover his breath, rested the rifle on the rock, and whistled. The brute's head turned slowly not twenty feet from the rifle-mouth, and Gisborne planted his shots, business-like, one behind the shoulder and the other a little below the eye. At that range the heavy bones were no guard against the rending bullets.

"Well, the skin was not worth keeping at any rate," said he, as the smoke cleared away, and the beast lay kicking and gasping in the last agony.

"A dog's death for a dog," said Mowgli quietly. "Indeed there is nothing in that carrion worth the taking away."

"The whiskers. Dost thou not take the whiskers?" said Gisborne, who knew how the rangers valued such things.

"I? Am I a lousy *shikarri* of the jungle to paddle with a tiger's muzzle? Let him lie. Here come his friends already."

A dropping kite whistled shrilly over-

head, as Gisborne snapped out the empty shells, and wiped his face.

"And if thou art not *shikarri*, where didst thou learn thy knowledge of the tiger-folk?" said he. "No tracker could have done better."

"I hate all tigers," said Mowgli curtly. "Let the sahib give me his gun to carry. Arré, it is a very fine one. And where does the sahib go now?"

"To my house."

"May I come? I have never yet looked within a white man's house."

Gisborne returned to his bungalow, Mowgli striding noiselessly before him, his brown skin glistening in the sunlight.

He stared curiously at the veranda and the two chairs there, fingered the split bamboo shade curtains with suspicion, and entered, looking always behind him. Gisborne loosed a curtain to keep out the sun. It dropped with a clatter, but almost before it had touched the flagging of the veranda, Mowgli had leaped clear and was standing with heaving chest in the open.

"It is a trap," he said quickly.

Gisborne laughed. "White men do not trap men. Indeed thou art altogether of the jungle."

"I see," said Mowgli, "it has neither catch nor fall. I—I never beheld these things till to-day."

He came in on tip-toe and stared with large eyes at the furniture of the two rooms. Abdul Gafur, who was laying lunch, looked at him with deep disgust.

"So much trouble to eat, and so much trouble to lie down after you have eaten!" said Mowgli with a grin; "we do better in the jungle. It is very wonderful. There are very many rich things here. Is the sahib not afraid that he may be robbed? I have never seen such wonderful things." He was staring at a dusty Benares brass plate on a rickety bracket.

"Only a thief from the jungle would rob here," said Abdul Gafur, setting down a plate with a clatter. Mowgli opened his eyes wide and stared at the white-bearded Mohammedan.

"In my country, when goats bleat very loud, we cut their throats," he returned cheerfully. "But have no fear, thou. I am going."

He turned and disappeared into the *rukh*. Gisborne looked after him with a laugh that ended in a little sigh. There was not much outside regular work to interest a forest officer, and this son of the forest, who seemed to know tigers as other people know dogs, would have been a diversion.

"He's a most wonderful chap," thought Gisborne; "he's like the illustrations in the Classical Dictionary. I wish I could have made him a gun-boy. There's no fun in shikarring alone, and this fellow would have been a perfect *shikarri*. I wonder what in the world he is."

That evening he sat on the veranda under the stairs, smoking as he wondered. A puff of smoke curled from the pipe-bowl. When it cleared he was aware of Mowgli sitting with arms crossed on the veranda edge. A ghost could not have drifted up more noiselessly. Gisborne started, and let the pipe drop.

"There is no man to talk to out there in the *rukh*," said Mowgli; "I came here, therefore." He picked up the pipe and returned it to Gisborne.

"Oh," said Gisborne; and, after a long pause, "What news is there in the *rukh*? Hast thou found another tiger?"

"The nilghai are changing their feeding-ground against the new moon, as is their custom. The pig are feeding near the Kanye River now, because they will not feed with the nilghai, and one of their sows has been killed by a leopard in the long grass at the water-head. I do not know any more."

"And how didst thou know all these things?" said Gisborne, leaning forward

THE FOUR WOLVES DANCING BEFORE MOWGLI AND ABDUL GAFUR'S DAUGHTER.

and looking at the eyes that burned in the starlight.

"How should I not know? The nilghai has his custom and his use, and a child knows that pig will not feed with him."

"I do not know this," said Gisborne.

"Tck! Tck! And thou art in charge—so the men of the huts tell me—in charge of all this *rukh*." He laughed to himself.

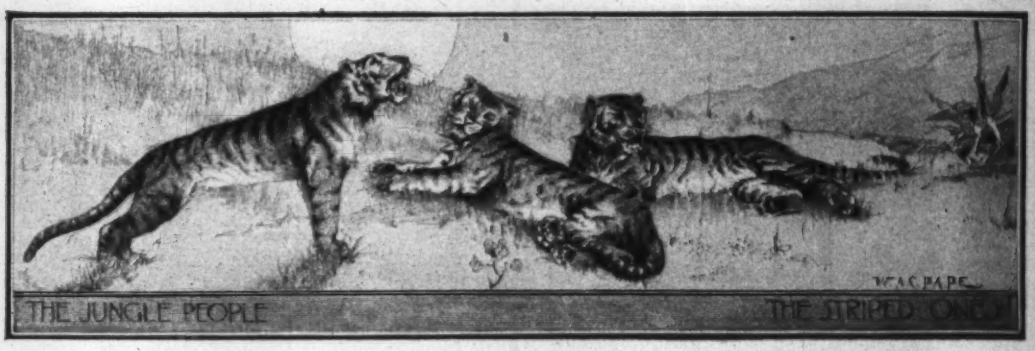
"It is well enough to talk and to tell child's tales," Gisborne retorted, nettled at the chuckle; "to say that this and that goes on in the *rukh*. No man can deny thee."

"As for the sow's carcass, I will show thee her bones to-morrow," Mowgli returned, absolutely unmoved. "Touching the matter of the nilghai, if the sahib will sit here very still I will drive one nilghai up to this place, and by listening to the sounds carefully, the sahib can tell whence that nilghai has been driven."

"Mowgli, the jungle has made thee mad," said Gisborne. "Who can drive nilghai?"

"Still—sit still, then. I go."

"Gad, the man's a ghost," said Gisborne; for Mowgli had faded out into the darkness, and there was no sound of feet. The *rukh* lay out in great velvety folds in the uncertain shimmer of the star-dust—so still that the least little wandering wind among the tree-tops came up as the sigh



of a child sleeping equably. Abdul Gafur in the cook-house was clicking plates together.

"Be still there," shouted Gisborne, and composed himself to listen as a man can who is used to the stillness of the *rukh*. It had been his custom, to preserve self-respect in his isolation, to dress for dinner each night, and the stiff white shirt front creaked with his regular breathing till he shifted a little sideways. Then the tobacco of a somewhat foul pipe began to purr, and he threw the pipe from him. Now, except for the night-breath in the *rukh*, everything was dumb.

From an inconceivable distance, and drawled through immeasurable darkness, came the faint echo of a wolf's howl. Then silence again for, it seemed, long hours. At last, when his feet below the knee had lost all feeling, Gisborne heard something that might have been a crash far off through the undergrowth. He doubted until it was repeated again and yet again.

"That's from the west," he muttered; "there's something on foot there." The noise increased—crash on crash, plunge on plunge—with the thick grunting of a hotly pressed nilghai, flying in panic terror and taking no heed to his feet.

A shadow blundered out from between the tree trunks, wheeled back, turned again grunting, and, with a clatter on the bare ground, dashed up almost within reach of his hand. It was a bull nilghai, dripping with dew—his withers hung with a torn trail of creeper, his eyes shining in the light from the house. The creature checked at sight of the man, and fled along the edge of the *rukh* till he melted in the darkness. The first idea in Gisborne's bewildered mind was the indecency of thus dragging out for inspection the big blue bull of the *rukh*—the putting him through his paces in the night, which should have been his own.

Then said a level voice at his ear:

"He came from the water-head, where he was leading the herd. From the west he came. Does the sahib believe now, or shall I bring up the herd to be counted? The sahib is in charge of this *rukh*."

Mowgli had reseated himself on the veranda, breathing a little quickly. Gisborne looked at him with open mouth. "How was that accomplished?" he said.

"The sahib saw. The bull was driven—driven as a buffalo is. Ho! ho! he will have a fine tale to tell when he returns to the herd."

"That is a new trick to me. Canst thou run as swiftly as the nilghai, then?"

"The sahib has seen. If the sahib needs more knowledge at any time of the movings of the game, I, Mowgli, am here. This is a good *rukh*, and I shall stay."

"Stay, then, and if thou hast need of a meal at any time my servants shall give thee one."

"Yes, indeed, I am fond of cooked food," Mowgli answered quickly. "No man may say that I do not eat boiled and roast as much as any other man. I will come for that meal. Now, on my part, I promise that the sahib shall sleep safely in his house by night, and no thief shall break in to carry away his so rich treasures."

The conversation ended itself on Mowgli's abrupt departure. Gisborne sat long smoking, and the upshot of his thoughts was that in Mowgli he had found at last that ideal ranger and forest-guard for whom he and the Department were always looking.

"I must get him into the Government service somehow. A man who can drive nilghai would know more about the *rukh* than fifty men. He's a miracle—a *lusus naturæ*—but a forest-guard he must be if he'll only settle down in one place," said Gisborne.

Abdul Gafur's opinion was less favor-

"GISBORNE HAD JUST TIME TO STRIKE UP MULLER'S RIFLE."

able. He confided to Gisborne at bedtime that strangers from God-knew-where were more than likely to be professional thieves, and that he personally did not approve of naked outcasts who had not the proper manner of addressing white people. Gisborne laughed and bade him go to his quarters, and Abdul Gafur retreated growling. Later in the night he found occasion to rise up and beat his thirteen-year-old daughter. Nobody knew the cause of dispute, but Gisborne heard the cry.

Through the days that followed, Mowgli came and went like a shadow. He had established himself and his wild housekeeping close to the bungalow, but on the edge of the *rukh*, where Gisborne, going out on to the veranda for a breath of cool air, would see him sometimes sitting in the moonlight, his forehead on his knees, or lying out along the fling of a branch, closely pressed to it as some beast of the night. Thence Mowgli would throw him a salutation and bid him sleep at ease, or descending, would weave prodigious stories of the manners of the beasts in the *rukh*. Once he strayed into the stables, and was found looking at the horses with deep interest.

"That," said Abdul Gafur pointedly, "is sure sign that some day he will steal one. Why, if he lives about this house, does he not take an honest employment? But no, he must wander up and down like a loose camel, turning the heads of fools and opening the jaws of the unwise to folly." So Abdul Gafur would give harsh orders to Mowgli when they met, would

bid him fetch water and pluck fowls, and Mowgli, laughing unconcernedly, would obey.

"He has no caste," said Abdul Gafur. "He will do anything. Look to it, sahib, that he does not do too much. A snake is a snake, and a jungle gipsy is a thief till the death."

"Be silent, thou," said Gisborne. "I allow thee to correct thy own household if there is not too much noise, because I know thy customs and use. My custom thou dost not know. The man is, without doubt, a little mad."

"Very little mad indeed," said Abdul Gafur. "But we shall see what comes thereof."

A few days later on, his business took Gisborne into the *rukh* for three days. Abdul Gafur, being old and fat, was left at home. He did not approve of lying up in rangers' huts, and was inclined to levy contributions in his master's name of grain and oil and milk from those who could ill afford such benevolences. Gisborne rode off early one dawn, a little annoyed that his man of the woods was not at the veranda to accompany him. He liked him—liked his strength, fleetness, and silence of foot, and his ever-ready open smile; his ignorance of all forms of ceremony and salutations, and the child-like tales that he would tell (and Gisborne would credit now) of what the game was doing in the *rukh*. After an hour's riding through the greenery, he heard a rustle behind him, and Mowgli trotted at his stirrup.

"We have a three days' work toward," said Gisborne, "among the new trees."

"Good," said Mowgli. "It is always good to cherish young trees. They make cover if the beasts leave them alone. We must shift the pig again."

"Again? How?" Gisborne smiled.

"Oh, they were rooting and tusking among the young *sal* last night, and I drove them off. Therefore I did not come to the veranda this morning. The pig should not be on this side of the *rukh* at all. We must keep them below the head of the Kanye River."

"If a man could herd clouds he might do that thing; but, Mowgli, if, as thou sayest, thou art herder in the *rukh* for no gain and for no pay——"

"It is the sahib's *rukh*," said Mowgli, quickly looking up.

Gisborne nodded thanks, and went on:

"Would it not be better to work for pay from the Government? There is a pension at the end of long service."

"Of that I have thought," said Mowgli, "but the rangers live in huts with shut doors, and all that is all too much a trap to me. Yet I think——"

"Think well, then, and tell me later. Here we will stay for breakfast."

Gisborne dismounted, took his morning meal from his home-made saddle bags, and saw the day open hot above the *rukh*. Mowgli lay in the grass at his side, staring up to the sky.

Presently he said in a lazy whisper: "Sahib, is there any order at the bungalow to take out the white mare to-day?"

"No; she is fat and old, and a little lame beside. Why?"

"She is being ridden now, and *not* slowly, on the road that runs to the railway line."

"Bah, that is two *koss* away. It is a woodpecker."

Mowgli put up his forearm to keep the sun out of his eyes.

"The road curves in with a big curve from the bungalow. It is not more than a *koss*, at the farthest, as the kite goes, and sound flies with the birds. Shall we see?"

"What folly! To go a *koss* in this sun to see a noise in the forest."

"Nay, the pony is the sahib's pony. I meant only to bring her here. If she is not the sahib's pony, no matter. If she is, the sahib can do what he wills. She is certainly being ridden fast."

"And how wilt thou bring her here, madman?"

"Has the sahib forgotten? By the road of the nilghai, and no other."

"Up, then, and run, if thou art so full of zeal."

"Oh, I do not run!" He put out his hand to sign for silence, and, still lying on his back, called aloud thrice—with a long, gurgling cry that was new to Gisborne.

"She will come," he said at the end. "Let us wait in the shade." The long eyelashes drooped over the wild eyes as Mowgli began to doze in the morning hush. Gisborne waited patiently. Mowgli was surely mad, but as entertaining a companion as a lonely forest officer could desire.

"Ho! ho!" said Mowgli lazily, with shut eyes. "He has dropped off. Well, first the mare will come and then the man." Then he yawned as Gisborne's pony stallion neighed. Three minutes later Gisborne's white mare, saddled, bridled, but riderless, tore into the glade where they were sitting, and hurried to her companion.

"She is not very warm," said Mowgli, "but in this heat the sweat comes easily. Presently we shall see her rider, for a man goes more slowly than a horse—especially if he chance to be a fat man and old."

"Allah! This is the devil's work," cried Gisborne, leaping to his feet, for he heard a yell in the jungle.

"Have no care, sahib. He will not be hurt. He also will say that it is devil's work. Ah! Listen! Who is that?"

It was the voice of Abdul Gafur, in an agony of terror, crying out upon unknown things to spare him and his gray hairs.

"Nay, I cannot move another step," he howled. "I am old and my turban is lost. Arré! Arré! But I will move. Indeed I will hasten. I will run! Oh, Devils of the Pit, I am a Mussulman!"

The undergrowth parted and revealed Abdul Gafur, turbanless, shoeless, with his waist-cloth unbound, mud and grass in his clutched hands, and his face purple.

He saw Gisborne, yelled anew, and pitched forward, exhausted and quivering, at his feet. Mowgli watched him with a sweet smile.

"This is no joke," said Gisborne sternly. "The man is like to die."

"He will not die. He is only afraid. There was no need that he should have come out of a walk."

Abdul Gafur groaned and rose up, shaking in every limb.

"It was witchcraft! Witchcraft and devildom!" he sobbed, fumbling with his hand in his breast. "Because of my sin I have been whipped through the woods by devils. It is all finished. I repent. Take them, sahib!" He held out a roll of dirty paper.

"What is the meaning of this, Abdul Gafur?" said Gisborne, already knowing what would come.

"Put me in the jail-khana—the notes are all here—but lock me up safely that no devils may follow. I have sinned against the sahib and his salt which I have eaten, and but for those accursed wood-demons, I might have bought land afar off and lived in peace all my days." He beat his head upon the ground in an agony of despair and mortification. Gisborne turned the roll of notes over and over. It was his accumulated back pay for the last nine months—the roll that lay in the drawer with the home letters and the re-capping machine. Mowgli watched Abdul Gafur, laughing noiselessly to himself. "There is no need to put me on the horse again. I will walk home slowly with the sahib, and then he can send me under guard to the jail-khana. The Government gives many years for this offence," said the butler sullenly.

Loneliness in the *rukh* affects very many ideas about very many things. Gisborne stared at Abdul Gafur, remembering that he was a very good servant, and that a new butler must be broken into the ways of the house from the beginning, and at the best would be a new face and a new tongue.

"Listen, Abdul Gafur," he said. "Thou hast done great wrong, and altogether lost thy *izzat* and thy reputation. But I know that this came upon thee suddenly."

"Allah! I had never desired the notes before. The Evil took me by the throat while I looked."

"That also I can believe. Go, then, back to my house, and when I return I will send the notes by a runner to the bank, and there shall be no more said. Thou art too old for the jail-khana. Also thy household is guiltless."

For answer Abdul Gafur sobbed between Gisborne's cowhide riding-boots.

"Is there no dismissal, then?" he gulped.

"That we shall see. It hangs upon thy conduct when we return. Get upon the mare and ride slowly back."

"But the devils! The *rukh* is full of devils!"

"No matter, my father. They will do thee no more harm unless indeed the sahib's orders be not obeyed," said Mowgli. "Then, perchance, they may drive thee home—by the road of the nilghai."

Abdul Gafur's lower jaw dropped as he twisted up his waist-cloth, staring at Mowgli.

"Are they *his* devils? His devils! And I thought to return and put the blame upon this warlock!"

"That was well thought of, Huzrut; but before we make a trap we see first how big the game is that may fall into it. Now *I* thought no more than that a man had taken one of the sahib's horses. I did not know that the design was to make me a thief before the sahib, or my devils had haled thee here by the leg. It is not too late now!"

Mowgli looked inquiringly at Gisborne, but Abdul Gafur waddled hastily to the white mare, scrambled on her back, and fled, the woodways crashing and echoing behind him.

"That was well done," said Mowgli.

"But he will fall again unless he holds by the mane."

"Now it is time to tell me what these things mean," said Gisborne, a little sternly. "What is this talk of thy devils? How can men be driven up and down the *rukh* like cattle? Give answer."

"Is the sahib angry because I have saved him his money?"

"No; but there is trick work in this that does not please me."

"Very good. Now, if I rose and stepped three paces into the *rukh*, there is no one, not even the sahib, could find me till I choose. As I would not willingly do this, so I would not willingly tell. Have patience a little, sahib, and some day I will show thee everything, for, if thou wilt, some day we will drive the buck together. There is no devil-work in the matter at all. Only I know the *rukh* as a man knows the cooking-place in his house."

Mowgli was speaking as he would speak to an impatient child. Gisborne, puzzled, baffled, and not a little annoyed, said nothing, but stared on the ground and thought. When he looked up the man of the woods had gone.

"It is not good," said a calm voice from the thicket, "for friends to be angry. Wait till the evening, sahib, when the air cools."

Left to himself thus, dropped as it were in the heart of the *rukh*, Gisborne swore, then laughed, remounted his pony, and rode on. He visited a ranger's hut, overlooked a couple of new plantations, left some orders as to the burning of a patch of dry grass, and set out for a camping-ground of his own choice, a pile of splintered rocks roughly roofed over with branches and leaves, not far from the banks of the Kanye stream. It was twilight when he came in sight of his resting-place, and the *rukh* was waking to the hushed ravenous life of the night.

A camp-fire flickered on the knoll, and there was the smell of a very good dinner in the wind.

"Um," said Gisborne, "that's better than cold meat at any rate. Now the only man who'd be likely to be here'd be Muller, and, officially, he ought to be looking over the Changamanga *rukh*. I suppose that's why he's on my ground."

The gigantic German who was the head of the woods and forests of all India, Head Ranger from Burma to Bombay, had a habit of flitting bat-like without warning from one place to another, and turning up exactly where he was least looked for. His theory was that sudden visitations, the discovery of shortcomings, and a word-of-mouth upbraidment of a subordinate were infinitely better than the slow processes of correspondence, which might end in a written and official reprimand—a thing in after years to be counted against a forest officer's record. As he explained it: "If I only talk to my boys like a Dutch uncle, dey say, 'It was only dot damned old Muller,' and dey do better next dime. But if my fat head-clerk he write and say dot Muller der Inspecdor-General fail to onderstand and is much annoyed, first dot does no goot because I am not dere, and second der fool dot comes after me he may say to my best boys, 'Mein Gott! you haf been wigged by my bredecessor.' I tell you der big brass-hat pizness does not make der trees grow."

Muller's deep voice was coming out of the darkness behind the firelight as he bent over the shoulders of his pet cook. "Not so much sauce, you son of Belial! Worcester sauce he is a gondiment, and not a fluid. Ah, Gisborne, you haf come to a very bad dinner. Where is your camp?" and he walked up to shake hands.

"I'm the camp, sir," said Gisborne. "I didn't know you were about here."

Muller looked at the young man's trim figure. "Goot! That is very goot! One horse and some cold things to eat. When I was young I did my camp so. Now you shall dine with me. I went into Headquarters to make up my report last month. I haf written half—ho! ho!—and der rest I haf leaved to my glerks and come out for a walk. Der Government is mad about dose reports. I dold der Viceroy so at Simla."

Gisborne chuckled, remembering the many tales that were told of Muller's conflicts with the Supreme Government. He was the chartered libertine of all the offices, for as a forest officer he had no equal.

"If I find you, Gisborne, sitting in your bungalow und hatching reports to me about der blantations instead of riding der blantations, I will transfer you to der middle of der Bikaneer Desert to reforest *him*. I am sick of reports und chewing paper when we should do our work."

"There's not much danger of my wasting time over my annuals. I hate 'em as much as you do, sir."

The talk went over at this point to professional matters. Muller had some questions to ask, and Gisborne orders and hints to receive, till dinner was ready. It was the most civilized meal that Gisborne had

eaten for months. No distance from the base of supplies was allowed to interfere with the work of Muller's cook, and that table spread in the wilderness began with devilled small fresh-water fish, and ended with coffee and cognac.

"Ah!" said Muller at the end, with a sigh of satisfaction as he lighted a cheroot and dropped into his much-worn camp-chair. "When I am making reports I am freethinker und atheist, but here in der *rukh* I am more dan Christian. I am bagan also." He rolled the cheroot-butt luxuriously under his tongue, dropped his hands on his knees, and stared before him into the dim, shifting heart of the *rukh*, full of stealthy noises—the snapping of twigs like the snapping of the fire behind him, the sigh and rustle of a heat-bended branch recovering her straightness in the cool night, the incessant mutter of the Kanye stream, and the under-note of the many-peopled grass uplands out of sight beyond a swell of hill. He blew out a thick puff of smoke, and began to quote Heine to himself.

"Yes, it is very goot. Very goot. Yes, I work miracles, and, by Gott, dey come off too. I remember when dere was no *rukh* more big than your knee, from here to der plough-lands, und in drought-time der cattle ate bones of dead cattle up and down. Now der trees haf come back. Dey were planted by a free-thinker, because he know just de cause dot made der effect. But der trees dey had der cult of der Old Gods. 'Und der Christian gods howl loudly.' Dey could not live in der *rukh*, Gisborne."

A shadow moved in one of the bridle-paths—moved and came out into the starlight.

"I haf said true. Hush! Here is Faunus himself come to see der Inspecdor-General. Himmel, he is der god! Look!"

It was Mowgli, crowned with a wreath of white flowers, and walking with a half-peeled branch—Mowgli, very mistrustful of the firelight and ready to fly back to the thicket on the least alarm.

"That's a friend of mine," said Gisborne. "He's looking for me. Ohé, Mowgli!"

Muller had barely time to gasp before the man was at Gisborne's side, crying: "I was wrong to go. I was wrong, but I did not know then that the mate of him that was killed by this river was awake looking for the slayer. Else I should not have gone away. She tracked thee from the back-range, sahib."

"He is a little mad," said Gisborne, "and he speaks of all the beasts about here as if he was a friend of theirs."

"Of course—of course. If Faunus does not know, who should know?" said Muller gravely. "What does he say about tigers?—dis god who knows you so well."

Gisborne relighted his cheroot, and before he had finished the story of Mowgli and his exploits it was burned down to mustache-edge. Muller listened without interruption. "Dot is not madness," he said at last, when Gisborne had described the driving of Abdul Gafur. "Dot is not madness at all."

"What is it, then? He left me in a temper this morning because I asked him to tell how he did it. I fancy the chap's possessed in some way."

"No, dere is no bossession, but it is most wonderful. Normally dey die young—dese beople. Und you say now dot your thief-servant did not say what drove der pony, und of course der nilghai he could not speak."

"No; but, confound it, there wasn't anything. I listened, and I can hear most things. The bull and the man simply came headlong—mad with fright."

For answer Muller looked Mowgli up and down from head to foot, then beckoned him nearer. He advanced as a buck treads a tainted trail.

"There is no harm," said Muller in the vernacular. "Thy arm."

He ran his hand down to the elbow, felt that, and nodded. "So I thought. Now the knee." Gisborne saw him feel the knee-cap and smile. Two or three white scars just above the ankle caught his eye.

"Those came when thou wast very young?" he said.

"Ay," Mowgli answered with a smile. "They were love-tokens from the little ones." Then to Gisborne over his shoulder. "This sahib knows everything. Who is he?"

"Dot comes after, my friend. Now where are *they?*" said Muller.

Mowgli swept his hand round his head in a circle.

"So! And thou canst drive nilghai? See! There is my mare in her pickets. Canst thou bring her to me without frightening her?"

"Can I bring the mare to the sahib without frightening her!" Mowgli repeated, raising his voice a little above its normal pitch. "What is more easy, if the heel-ropes are loose."

"Loosen the head and heel-pegs,"

shouted Muller to the groom. They were hardly out of the ground before the mare, a huge black Australian, flung up her head and cocked her ears.

"Careful! I do not wish her driven into the *rukh*," said Muller.

Mowgli stood still fronting the blaze of the fire—in the very form and likeness of that Greek god who is so lavishly described in the novels. The mare whickered, drew up one hind leg, found that the heel-ropes were free, and moved swiftly to her master, on whose bosom she dropped her head, sweating lightly.

"She came of her own accord. My horses will do that," cried Gisborne.

"Feel if she sweats," said Mowgli.

Gisborne laid a hand on the damp flank.

"It is enough," said Muller.

"It is enough," Mowgli repeated, and a rock behind him threw back the word.

"That's uncanny enough, isn't it?" said Gisborne.

"No; only wonderful—most wonderful. Still you do not know, Gisborne?"

"I confess I don't."

"Well, den, I shall not tell. He says dot some day he will show you what it is. It would be gruel if I told. But why he is not dead I do not understand. Now listen thou." Muller faced Mowgli, and returned to the vernacular. "I am the head of all the *rukhs* in the country of India and farther across the Black Water. I do not know how many men be under me—perhaps five thousand, perhaps ten. Thy business is this—to wander no more up and down the *rukh* and drive beasts for sport or for show, but to take service under me, who am the Government in the matter of woods and forests, and to live in this *rukh* as a forest-guard; to drive the villagers' goats away when there is no order to feed them in the *rukh*; to admit them when there is an order; to keep down as thou canst keep down the boar and the nilghai when they become too many; to tell Gisborne Sahib how and where the tigers move, and what game there is in the forests; and to give sure warning of all the fires in the *rukh*, for thou canst give warning more quickly than any other. For that work there is a payment each month in silver, and at the end, when thou hast gathered a wife and cattle, and, may be, children, a pension. What answer?"

"That's just what I——" Gisborne began.

"My sahib spoke this morning of such a service. I walked all day alone considering the matter, and my answer is ready here. I serve, *if* I serve, in this *rukh* and no other; *with* Gisborne Sahib and with no other."

"It shall be so. In a week comes the written order that pledges the honor of the Government for the pension. After that thou wilt take up thy hut where Gisborne Sahib shall appoint."

"I was going to speak to you about it," said Gisborne.

"I did not want to be told when I saw that man. Dere will never be a forest-guard like him. He is a miracle. I tell you, Gisborne, some day you will find it so. He is blood-brother to every beast in der *rukh*!"

"I should be easier in my mind if I could understand him."

"Dot will come. Now I tell you dot only once in my service, and dot is thirty years, haf I met a boy dot began as this man began. Und he died. Sometimes you hear of dem in der census reports, but dey all die. Dis man haf lived, and he is an anachronism, for he is before der Iron Age, and der Stone Age. Look here, he is at der beginnings of der history of man—Adam in der Garden, und now we want only an Eva! No. He is older dan dot child-tale, shust as der *rukh* is older dan der gods. Gisborne, I am bagan now, once for all."

Through the rest of the long evening Muller sat smoking and smoking, and staring and staring into the darkness; his lips moving in multiplied quotations, and great wonder upon his face. He went to his tent, but presently came out again in his majestic pink sleeping-suit, and the last words that Gisborne heard him address to the *rukh* through the deep hush of midnight were these, delivered with immense emphasis:

"'Dough we shivt und bedeck und bedrape us,
Dou art noble und nude und andeek;
Libidina dy moder, Briapus
Dy fader, a god und a Greek.'

Now I know dot, bagan *or* Christian, I shall never know the inwardness of der *rukh*."

. . . . . .

It was midnight in the bungalow a week later when Abdul Gafur, ashy gray with rage, stood at the foot of Gisborne's bed, and whispering bade him awake.

"Up, sahib," he stammered. "Up and bring thy gun. Mine honor is gone. Up and kill before any see!"

The old man's face had changed, so that Gisborne stared stupidly.

"It was for this, then, that that jungle outcast helped me to polish the sahib's table, and drew water and plucked fowls. They have gone off together for all my beatings, and now he sits among his devils dragging her soul to the Pit. Up, sahib, and come with me!"

He thrust a rifle into Gisborne's half-wakened hand, and almost dragged him from the room on to the veranda.

"They are there in the *rukh*; even within gun-shot of the house. Come softly with me."

"But what is it? What is the trouble, Abdul?"

"Mowgli, and his devils. Also my own daughter," said Abdul Gafur. Gisborne whistled and followed his guide. Not for nothing, he knew, had Abdul Gafur beaten his daughter of nights, and not for nothing had Mowgli helped in the housework a man whom his own powers, whatever those were, had convicted of theft. Also, a forest wooing goes quickly.

There was the breathing of a flute in the *rukh*, as it might have been the song of some wandering wood-god, and, as they came nearer, a murmur of voices. The path ended in a little semicircular glade, walled partly by high grass and partly by trees. In the centre, upon a fallen trunk, his back to the watchers, and his arm round the neck of Abdul Gafur's daughter, sat Mowgli, newly crowned with flowers, playing upon a rude bamboo flute, to whose music four huge wolves danced solemnly on their hind legs.

"Those are his devils," Abdul Gafur whispered. He held a bunch of cartridges in his hand. The beasts dropped to a long-drawn, quavering note, and lay still, with steady green eyes glaring at the girl.

"Behold," said Mowgli, laying aside the flute. "Is there anything of fear in that? I told thee, little Stout-heart, that there was not, and thou didst believe. Thy father said—and oh, if thou couldst have seen thy father being driven by the road of the nilghai!—thy father said that they were devils; and by Allah, who is thy God, I do not wonder that he so believed."

The girl laughed a little rippling laugh, and Gisborne heard Abdul grit his few remaining teeth. This was not at all the girl that Gisborne had seen with a half-eye slinking about the compound veiled and silent; but another—a woman full blown in a night, as the orchid puts out in an hour's moist heat.

"But they are my playmates and my brothers, children of that mother that gave me suck, as I told thee behind the cook-house," Mowgli went on. "Children of the father that lay between me and the cold at the mouth of the cave when I was a little naked child. Look," a wolf raised his huge head, slavering at Mowgli's feet, "my brother knows that I speak of them. Yes, when I was a little child, he was a cub rolling with me on the clay."

"But thou hast said that thou art human born," cooed the girl, nestling closer to the shoulder. "Thou art human born?"

"Said! Nay, I know that I am human born, because my heart is in thy hold, little one." The head dropped under Mowgli's chin. Gisborne put up a warning hand to restrain Abdul Gafur, not in the least impressed by the wonder of the sight.

"But I was a wolf among wolves none the less till a time came when those of the jungle bade me go because I was a man."

"Who bade thee go? That is not like a true man's talk."

"The very beasts themselves.* Little one, thou wouldst never believe that telling, but so it was. The beasts of the jungle bade me go, but these four followed me because I was their brother. Then was I a herder of cattle among men, having learned their language. Ho! ho! The herds paid toll to my brothers, till a woman, an old woman, beloved,† saw me playing by night with my brethren in the crops. They said that I was possessed of devils, and drove me from that village with sticks and stones, and the four came with me by stealth and not openly. That was when I had learned to eat cooked meat and to talk boldly. From village to village I went,‡ heart of my heart, a herder of cattle, a tender of buffaloes, a tracker of game, but there was no man that dared lift a finger against me twice." He stooped down and patted one of the heads. "Do thou also like this. There is neither hurt nor magic in them. See, they know thee."

"The woods are full of all manner of devils," said the girl with a shudder.

"A lie, a child's lie," Mowgli returned confidently. "I have lain out in the dew

* See "Mowgli's Brothers" (Jungle Book).

† The scornful allusion here is clearly to Buldeo the Shikarri, who (*vide* "Tiger-Tiger," Jungle Book) interfered with Mowgli when the latter was skinning Shere Khan. It is not easy to understand the reference to "playing by night with my brethren," unless, indeed, Mowgli while among the villagers had stolen out to gambol with Grey Brother, and was under suspicion of wizardry before the fight with Shere Khan.—R. K.

‡ It is to be observed that Mowgli here makes no reference to the circumstances of The Spring Running; but evidently he wandered far among men after his return to Messua's hut (*vide* Second Jungle Book).—R. K.

under the stars and in the dark night, and I know. The jungle is my house. Shall a man fear his own roof-beams or a woman her man's hearth? Stoop down and pat them."

"They are dogs and unclean," she murmured, bending forward with averted head.

"Having eaten the fruit, now we remember the Law!" said Abdul Gafur bitterly. "What is the need of this waiting, sahib. Kill!"

"H'sh, thou. Let us learn what has happened," said Gisborne.

"That is well done," said Mowgli, slipping his arm around the girl afresh. "Dogs or no dogs, they were with me through a thousand villages."

"Ahi, and where was thy heart then? Through a thousand villages. Thou hast seen a thousand maids. I—that am—that am a maid no more, have I thy heart?"

"What shall I swear by? By that Allah of whom thou speakest?"

"Nay, by the life that is in thee, and I am well content. Where was thy heart in those days?"

Mowgli laughed a little. "In my belly, because I was young and always hungry. So I learned to track and to hunt, sending and calling my brothers back and forth as a king calls his armies. Therefore I drove the nilghai for the foolish young sahib, and the big fat mare for the big fat sahib, when they questioned my power. It were as easy to have driven the men themselves. Even now"—his voice lifted a little—"even now I know that behind me stand thy father and Gisborne Sahib. Nay, do not run, for no ten men dare move a pace forward. Remembering that thy father beat thee more than once, shall I give the word and drive him again in rings through the *rukh?*" A wolf stood up, and the bristles on his neck lifted.

Gisborne felt Abdul Gafur tremble at his side. Next, his place was empty, and the fat man was skimming down the glade.

"Remains only Gisborne Sahib," said Mowgli, still without turning; "but I have eaten Gisborne Sahib's bread, and presently I shall be in his service, and my brothers will be his servants to drive game and carry the news. Hide thou in the grass."

The girl fled; the tall grass closed behind her and the guardian wolf that followed, and Mowgli, turning with his three retainers, faced Gisborne as the forest officer came forward.

"That is all the magic," he said, pointing to the three. "The fat sahib knew that we who are born among wolves run on our elbows and our knees for a season. Feeling my arms and legs, he felt the truth which thou didst not know. Is it so wonderful, sahib?"

"Indeed it is all more wonderful than magic. These, then, drove the nilghai?"

"Ay, as they would drive Eblis if I gave the order. They are my eyes and more to me."

"Look to it, then, that Eblis does not carry a double rifle. They have yet something to learn, thy devils, for they stand one behind the other, so that two shots would kill the three."

"Ah, but they know they will be thy servants as soon as I am a forest-guard."

"Guard or no guard, Mowgli, thou hast done a great shame to Abdul Gafur. Thou hast dishonored his house and blackened his face."

"For that, it was blackened when he took thy money, and made blacker still when he whispered in thy ear a little while since to kill a naked man. I myself will talk to Abdul Gafur, for I am a man of the Government service, with a pension. He shall make the marriage by whatsoever rite he will, or he shall run once more. I will speak to him in the dawn. For the rest, the sahib has his house, and this is mine. It is time to sleep again, sahib."

Mowgli turned on his heel and disappeared into the grass, leaving Gisborne alone. The hint of the wood-guard was not to be mistaken, and Gisborne went back to the bungalow, where Abdul Gafur, torn by rage and fear, was raving aloud.

"Peace, peace," said Gisborne, shaking him, for he looked as though he were going to have a fit. "Muller Sahib has made the man a forest-guard, and, as thou knowest, there is a pension at the end of that business, and it is Government service."

"He is an outcast—a dog among dogs; an eater of carrion! What pension can pay for that?"

"Allah knows, and thou hast heard that the mischief is done. Wouldst thou blaze it to all the other servants? Make the *shadi* swiftly, and the girl will make him a Mussulman. He is very comely. Canst thou wonder that after thy beatings she went to him?"

"Did he say that he would chase me with his beasts?"

"So it seemed to me. If he be a wizard, he is at least a very strong one."

Abdul Gafur thought awhile, and then broke down and howled, forgetting that he was a Mussulman:

"Thou art a Brahmin. I am thy cow. Make thou the matter plain, and save my honor if it can be saved!"

A second time then Gisborne plunged into the *rukh* and called Mowgli. The answer came from high over head, and in no submissive tones.

"Speak softly," said Gisborne, looking up. "There is yet time to strip thee of thy place and hunt thee with thy wolves. The girl goes back to her father's house to-night. To-morrow there will be the *shadi*, by the Mussulman law, and then thou canst take her away. Bring her to Abdul Gafur."

"I hear." There was a murmur of two voices conferring among the leaves. "Also, we will obey—for the last time."

. . . . . .

A year later Muller and Gisborne were riding through the *rukh* together, talking of their business. They came out among the rocks near the Kanye stream, Muller riding a little in advance. Under the shade of a thorn thicket sprawled a naked brown baby, and from the brake immediately behind him peered the head of a gray wolf. Gisborne had just time to strike up Muller's rifle, and the bullet tore spattering through the branches above.

"Are you mad?" thundered Muller. "Look!"

"I see," said Gisborne quietly. "The mother's somewhere near. You'll wake the whole pack, by Jove!"

The brushes parted once more, and a woman, unveiled, snatched up the child.

"Who fired, sahib?" she cried to Gisborne.

"This sahib. He had not remembered thy man's people."

"Not remembered! But indeed it may be so, for we who live with them forget that they are strangers at all. Mowgli is down the stream catching fish. Does the sahib wish to see him? Come out, ye lacking manners. Come out of the bushes, and make your service to the sahib."

Muller's eyes grew rounder and rounder. He swung himself off the plunging mare and dismounted while the jungle gave up four wolves who fawned round Gisborne. The mother stood nursing her child and spurning them aside as they brushed against her bare feet.

"You were quite right about Mowgli," said Gisborne. "I meant to have told you, but I've got so used to these fellows in the last twelve months that it slipped my mind."

"Oh, don't apologize," said Muller. "It's nothing. Gott in Himmel! 'Und I work miracles—und dey come off too!'"

AND THEN?

By Gertrude Hall.

And then?—Then when the roses
  Were ripe, they went to seed.
And then?—Was seen a white scar
  Where once a wound did bleed.

And then?—After a little,
  Hope found she might not stay.
And then?—Then as the year waned
  The swallows went away.

And then?—They laid the hero
  Among forgotten men
Low in the lone God's-acre,
  Beneath a stone.—And then?

GRANT AS A COLONEL.

CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN GRANT AND HIS CHAPLAIN.—REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES.

By James L. Crane,

Late Chaplain of the Twenty-first Illinois, U. S. V.

[The author of these reminiscences served as chaplain of the Twenty-first Illinois—Grant's first command in the Civil War—throughout the three months during which Grant held the colonelcy. He died in 1879, while serving as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Shelbyville, Illinois. He seems to have written out the reminiscences near the close of the war. They furnish one of the most graphic pictures of Grant thus far given to the public.]

GRANT is about five feet ten inches in height, and will weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. He has a countenance indicative of reserve, and an indomitable will, and a persistent purpose. In dress he is indifferent and careless, making no pretensions to style or fashionable military display. Had he continued colonel till now, I think his uniform would have lasted till this day, for he never used it, except on dress parade, and then seemed to regard it a good deal as David did Saul's armor. He usually wore a plain blue blouse coat, and an ordinary black felt hat, and never had about him a single mark to distinguish his rank. While he is reserved in his intercourse with strangers, yet in the quiet circle of friends, especially when the cares and duties of office are over, he is free, frank, communicative, and agreeable in the highest degree. He regards smoking as a luxury; and if he takes a pride in anything, apart from the success of his enterprises, it is in his horsemanship. In his estimation a good horse is next to a good soldier.

"His body is a vial of intense existence;" and yet when a stranger saw him in a crowd, he would never think of asking his name. He is no dissembler, no assumer of snob dignity; he has more than ordinary freedom from selfishness, and appears to no one as an ambitious man. He is a sincere, thinking, *real* man; by *real* we mean that he does not take to shows, shams, or "flourishes," but to realities.

He is always cheerful; no toil, cold, heat, hunger, fatigue, or want of money depresses him. He was just as buoyant while a colonel, away from paymasters, looking after bushwhackers in Missouri, and with scarce money enough to prepay a letter or buy a pipe full of kinnikinick, as he is as the hero of a hundred battles, and the commander-in-chief of the finest army in the world, and with the wealth of the nation at his command.

In action he is bold and daring, almost to a fault, and the excitement of the contest fires the whole man. Yet he never loses his self-control, and the influence of discipline and training can be seen in his most rapid movements. He goes to battle as though a charitable country was watching him; as though he felt intensely the responsibility of his station—that hundreds and thousands of hearts were resting, for weal or woe, upon his decisions and movements.

In private he is magnanimous, having a special regard for the feelings and interests of others. He has no desire to rise by the fall of others; no glorying over another's abasement; no exulting over another's tears. He went forth to the field of strife only at the call of his country, and he strikes at her bidding, smites at her command; and when the rebellion shall cry "enough," and his country shall bid him retire, he will quietly and dutifully return and repose on the bosom he has so bravely defended.

He does his work at the time, and he requires all under his command to be equally prompt. I was walking over the encampment with him one morning after breakfast. It was usual for each company to call the roll at a given hour; it was now, probably, half an hour after the time for that duty. The colonel was quietly smoking his old meerschaum, and talking and walking leisurely along, when he noticed a company drawn up in line, and the roll being called. He instantly drew his pipe from his mouth, and exclaimed: "Captain, this is no time for calling the roll; order your men to their quarters immediately."

GENERAL GRANT.

Drawn from a photograph by H. F. Warren, of Waltham, Massachusetts, now in the old State House, Boston.

The command was instantly obeyed, and the colonel resumed his smoking, and walked on conversing as quietly as if nothing had happened. For this violation of discipline those men went without rations that day, excepting what they gathered up privately from among their friends of other companies. Such a breach of order was never witnessed in the regiment afterward while he was colonel. This promptness is one of Grant's characteristics, and it is one of the causes of his success. A want of this *coming to time* has been the cause of many of the disasters that have attended our arms. A general is behind time with his division or corps, and the day is lost. We may conjecture that the battle of Bull Run would have resulted in our favor had Patterson been prompt to intercept the reënforcements of the enemy, as he was directed.

Grant would correct, and, if necessary, punish any want of conformity to rule, or neglect of orders, or infraction of regulations, in as cool and unruffled a manner as you would give directions to your gardener before breakfast.

On one of our marches, while passing through one of those small towns where the grocery is the principal establishment, some of the lovers of intoxication had broken or glided away from our lines, and filled their canteens with whiskey, and soon were reeling and ungovernable under its influence. While apparently stopping the regiment for rest, Grant passed quietly along the ranks, and took each canteen, and whenever he detected the odor, emptied the liquor on the ground with as much nonchalance as he would empty his pipe, and had the offenders tied behind the baggage wagons till they had sobered into soldierly propriety. On this point his orders were imperative—no whiskey or intoxicating beverages were allowed in his camp.

Right here I would notice the report that once obtained some circulation, that Grant was a lover of ardent spirits himself, and that he indulged too freely in their use. Of this report I would say that I was with him for the most part of three months, in all sorts of weather, marches, and exposure; we ate at the same table,

often slept in the same tent, and sat around the same camp-fire; and I never knew him to allow ardent spirits in the regiment, nor did I ever know him even to taste them in any form. I have seen him in company with his superiors in office, where wine and brandy were freely passing, and, when offered to him, he invariably refused; usually remarking that he never indulged in anything stronger than coffee and tobacco.

His promptness and energy in correcting errors, and reforming abuses in his regiment, sometimes led his men, especially those who were guilty, to feel that he was hard and severe beyond necessity. But while he was thus vigilant and active in enforcing strict discipline, yet he was not unfeeling nor indifferent in regard to the sufferings which the necessary penalties of camp-life brought upon unsophisticated and unintentional offenders.

When we halted at Salt River, Missouri, two of our young bloods, supposing that it was necessary to show their hatred to the rebellion by some valorous exploit, had hardly pitched their tents when they started off, on their own responsibility, to seek for the enemies of the Union. They left in the afternoon, stayed all night, and came back next day with flying colors, bringing with them a "secesher" and two of his horses. Grant was seated by the door of his tent when the two heroes brought the trophies of their victory before him. He did not rise from his seat, nor pull his pipe from his mouth, but quietly asked the boys: "Who gave you permission to be absent from camp?"

"Nobody; we just thought we'd go out and look after some 'seceshers,' and we've found this feller and brought him up;" and they pointed triumphantly to the prisoner, who was still sitting on his horse, and looked as if he expected to be shot before he could say his prayers.

"I'll attend to your case first," said the colonel; and the flush of victory began to fade from their faces as he continued: "Captain, you will take these boys, and have them tied to a tree for six hours, for leaving camp without permission."

The boys looked crestfallen, and disappeared in company with the captain. After the colonel had questioned the trembling farmer, and his professions of attachment to the Union were found to be satisfactory, and he freely took the oath of allegiance, he set him at liberty, and leisurely resumed his smoking, and in half a minute looked as though nothing unusual had happened. Then turning to me, with apparently no aim in his remark, he inquired:

"Chaplain, what do you think of camp-life by this time?"

"It is entirely a new phase of life to me, Colonel, and I have hardly been able to come to a definite conclusion yet."

"What did you think of the conduct of those two young men?" he asked, as coolly as if he were inquiring about the weather.

"I think the young men were not intentionally guilty of a violation of discipline; the method was irregular, but they, doubtless, thought they were doing a good thing for the country."

"Do you think I punished them too severely?"

"Well, Colonel, I do not know that I am prepared to judge of what is too severe in military life."

"I don't ask you for a military opinion; I ask for your opinion as a citizen. Chaplains are not supposed to be military men; they are supposed to carry into camp the same feelings and views of justice and right they had in civil life." And he raised his eyes as if to see whether I were appreciating his remarks.

"As you have asked me for a candid opinion, I will give it. I think the punishment of those boys was not proportioned to their offence. If it were I, six hours tied up to a tree would be a serious business. I think it was rather too severe on the boys, Colonel."

"But, Chaplain, suppose we were surrounded by an enemy, and men were allowed to stray from camp; they would be taken prisoners or lose their lives in such a case."

"That appears reasonable, Colonel; but we are not near an enemy. Besides, the boys are in a new position, and know not exactly what is expected of them, and had no idea what they were bringing on themselves."

"But we should so prepare when the enemy is at a distance that we may be ready when he is near at hand."

"That is true, sir; yet I still think a milder punishment for unwitting offenders would as effectually work the same result."

The colonel stroked his beard with his left hand, a habit to which he is accustomed when there is the slightest interruption to the current of his thoughts, and he puffed his smoke with renewed vigor, and, reflecting a moment, called out:

"Orderly, go and tell the guard to release those boys tied to the trees; they have been punished long enough."

His honesty is above suspicion. I regard him as one of the most incorruptible men in the nation. He allowed no man to take, unlawfully, a single cent from the government, if he had the power to prevent it. Therefore he never was a great favorite with contractors and cotton speculators. He had no patience or time to stop and parley with any one who was trying to make a *nice thing* off of the miseries of the country and the hardships of the soldiery.

In the early part of the war it was too common for some colonels and generals to detail favorites to go away on government business, and at government expense, while in reality they were going on a visit home, or to some rendezvous of pleasure, purely for their own gratification. No doubt, in this way the government has been defrauded of thousands of dollars. None of this would Grant ever permit. He claimed that his faith to his country, in this respect, should be kept as sacred as his faith to a partner in business. It was refreshing to an honest man's soul to see how coolly he could refuse all such applicants. When they attempted to argue that their double dealing was justifiable, he would dryly reply: "I wish no further conversation on that point;" and turn from them with the most perfect unconcern. No amount of talent or personal influence, or influence of friends in high life, could for a moment swerve him from his conscientious integrity. He is

"Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man."

In the afternoon of a very hot day in July, 1861, while the regiment was stationed in the town of Mexico, Missouri, I had gone to the cars, as they were passing, and procured the "Daily Missouri Democrat," and seated myself in the shadow of my tent to read the news. In the telegraphic column I soon came to the announcement that Grant, with several others, was made brigadier-general. In a few minutes he came walking that way, and I called to him:

"Colonel, I have some news here that will interest you."

"What have you, Chaplain?"

"I see that you are made brigadier-general."

He seated himself by my side, and remarked:

"Well, sir, I had no suspicion of it. It never came from any request of mine. That's some of Washburn's work. I knew Washburn in Galena. He was a strong Republican, and I was a Democrat, and I thought from that he never liked me very well. Hence we never had more than a business or street acquaintance. But when the war broke out I found that he had induced Governor Yates to appoint me mustering officer of the Illinois volunteers, and after that had something to do in having me commissioned colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment, and I suppose this is more of his work." And he very leisurely rose up and pulled his black felt hat a little nearer his eyes, and made a few extra passes at his whiskers, and walked away about his business with as much apparent unconcern as if some one had merely told him that his new suit of clothes was finished.

Grant belongs to no church organization, yet he entertains and expresses the highest esteem for all the enterprises that tend to promote religion. When at home he generally attended the Methodist Episcopal church, with which some of the members of his family were connected. While he was colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment he gave every encouragement and facility for securing a prompt and uniform observance of religious services, and was generally found in the audience listening to preaching.

Shortly after I came into the regiment, our mess were one day taking their usual seats around the dinner table, when Colonel Grant remarked:

"Chaplain, when I was at home, and ministers were stopping at my house, I always invited them to ask a blessing at the table. I suppose that a blessing is as much needed here as at home; and if it is agreeable with your views, I should be glad to have you ask a blessing every time we sit down to eat."

The inexcusable and foolish practice of using profane language, a practice too common in the army, and even among intelligent officers, is a habit to which Grant never degraded himself. I never heard him use anything like an oath under the most provoking excitements.

He was at heart and in expression an anti-slavery man, yet he had but little sympathy with the previous movements and opinions of the so-called ultra-Abolitionists. He believed slavery to be an anomaly in a free government like ours; that its tendency was subversive of the best interests of the master and the enslaved, and our common prosperity as a

nation; that it hindered the development of the highest interests of humanity; that it promoted aristocracy and a privileged class; that it encouraged idleness and an inclination to rely upon others to do what we ought to do ourselves; that it resulted in one man lording it over the consciences of others where God alone should be supreme; that it resulted in denying the slave the rights of his moral nature, annihilated his capacity for improvement, shut out the light of truth, and bound his soul in the chains of hopeless ignorance and degradation.

Yet he did not regard the present war as being commenced on the part of the national government for the purpose of interfering with slavery, but for the purpose of enforcing the laws, suppressing the rebellion, and maintaining the Union entire and the Constitution inviolate. He often remarked, however, that he believed slavery would die with this rebellion, and that it might become necessary for the government to suppress it as a stroke of military policy.

While we were at Mexico, Missouri, a slave came to our headquarters one afternoon, fleeing from his master. He was greatly frightened and fatigued, and while panting and puffing with the heat, he inquired, in half frantic tones:

"Whar's de cunnel?"

"This is the colonel," said I, pointing to him sitting by my side.

"What will you have, sir?" said Grant.

"I—I's—Mr.—Mr. Cunnel, I's had to run'd away, sah. Massa's orful hawd on me, sah. He's close onto me, sah. Kin yo help me, cunnel?"

"Can't help you, sir; we are not here to look after negroes, but after rebels. You must take care of yourself."

The discomfited negro dropped his head and exclaimed, half as if talking to himself:

"Lawd, I's afeerd massa 'll be onto me!"

His eyes stood out full an eighth of an inch farther than usual, and he trembled from head to foot. As he was about turning away, I beckoned to him to come around behind the tent. I took him to our cooking-department and filled his pockets with cold biscuits and meat, and gave him a half dollar, and told him to make for the woods close by, and steer northeast, and not to consider himself safe till he had crossed the Mississippi River. He bent himself nearly to the ground in his manifestations of gratitude. I went with him and passed him through the guards; and his running for the woods was after the manner of the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, and would have refreshed the soul of a conductor of the "underground railroad."

He had not been gone more than an hour or two when his master and another man made their appearance, inquiring after the fugitive. To the master Grant made about the same reply that he had to the slave—that we were not here to look after negroes, but after rebels.

The pursuers evidently did not relish the reply, and were about to turn away with angry mutterings, when Grant desired to know whether they were opposed to the rebellion, and in favor of the Union. They were inclined to be evasive in answering that question, as Grant had been in communicating intelligence about the missing negro. They were finally informed that they could not leave our lines without taking the oath of allegiance.

There was a strong mutual attachment between Grant and the men of his regiment, without any undue familiarity. The colonel who had first been in command of the regiment was one of those jolly, roistering, merry-making men whom the boys would call a clever fellow. Hence, when Grant took command he found his men almost in a state of complete demoralization, each man in the regiment having, apparently, as much authority as another. It was a sort of disorderly mass, a hodge-podge of entanglements, an unsystematic, unarranged hurly-burly of officers and privates. Not that there was, by any means, an unusual deficiency of moral and intelligent men in the regiment; but that these, from the nature of the circumstances, quietly kept themselves in the background, while the boisterous and wayward elements blustered and rejoiced in their privileges.

In less than ten days after Grant took command, all this complicated confusion was brought to order and subordination by his quiet, unostentatious vigor and vigilance. Every man felt that he had a colonel that must be obeyed and respected; and hence they all soon became strongly attached to him, with the exception of a few who disliked any restraints upon their waywardness.

Shortly after Grant was made general, our regiment was moved to Ironton, Missouri, where he was appointed to the command of the post, which numbered at our arrival about three thousand men. The regiment was now commanded by J. W.

S. Alexander, who had been our lieutenant-colonel, and on whose shoulders the *eagle* fell on the promotion of Grant. The reader will pardon me for digressing long enough to say that Alexander was one of nature's noblemen, a brave, intelligent, patriotic soldier, and a true, upright, Christian gentleman in all relations of life. He was affable and courteous in all his deportment, and diligent and persevering in effecting his purposes. He lost his life boldly leading his men against the enemy at the battle of Chickamauga.

While we were going down from St. Louis to Ironton in the cars, Grant took a seat by my side, and commenced conversation about the probable length of the war, and also about his new appointment. Then he requested that I take a position on his staff, to which I replied:

"General, I appreciate the offer very highly, but my business in life is to preach; and I have acquired such notions of rank since I came into the army that I don't think I can come down to the position, for I am on the staff of a higher officer."

"That is true, Chaplain, that's true; but I did not know but you might be willing to change your mode of life during the war."

"I am ready to make any effort to put down this rebellion, and would shoulder the musket if necessary; but I am nearly forty years old, General, and I think it would hardly be prudent to change my occupation now, especially as there are many who are more competent, and who would be glad to take the place you have kindly offered to me."

"The fact is, Chaplain, the kind of men who want the position are not the kind of men I want; these gay, swelling, pompous adventurers don't suit my fancy. I want men who have some conscience."

"You are on the right track, General, and you'll find them, doubtless, in time."

"Well, Chaplain, if you will not take a permanent position on my staff, will you stay with me a few weeks till I have time to make my selection?"

I stayed with him the two or three weeks he remained at Ironton. At the end of that time I went with him to St. Louis, to procure some tents and other travelling equipage necessary to prepare the several regiments for marching southward.

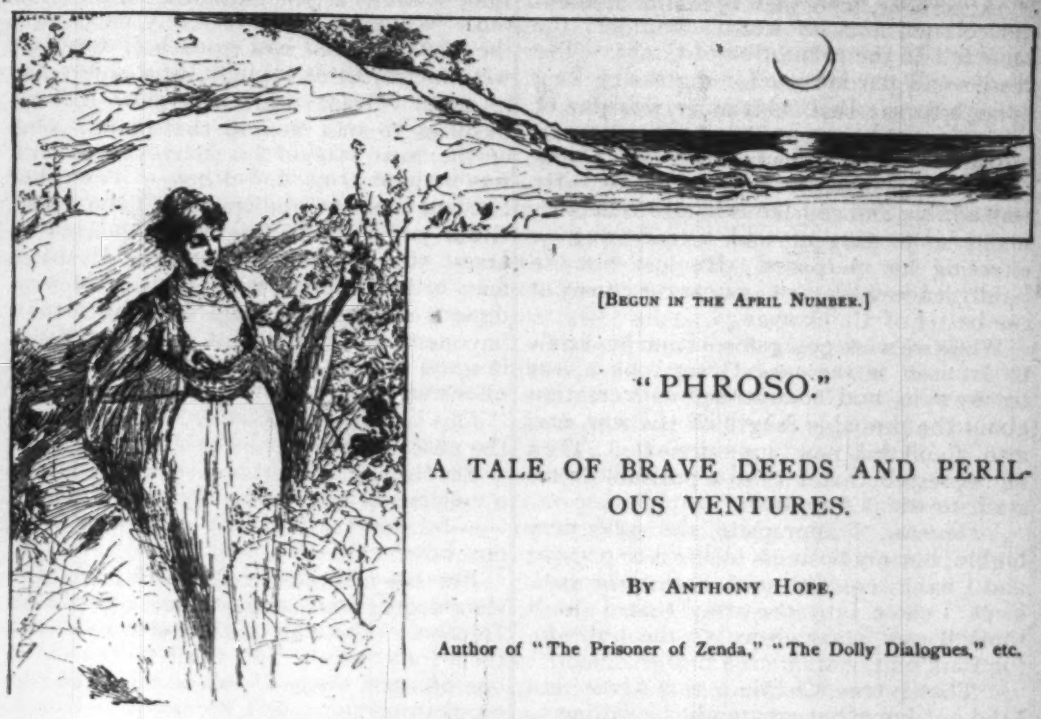
We started from Ironton about dusk one evening, and walked up to Pilot Knob to take the cars. Ten regiments were encamped in the neighborhood at this time. Pilot Knob is a mile and a half from Ironton. While we were leisurely measuring the distance, and had gone half way, we were met by three soldiers, who ordered us to halt. Grant told them they had no business to halt men at that point. One of the men was in his shirt-sleeves, and was without arms, and drunk. The other two had muskets, and appeared to be sober. Grant ordered the two with muskets to arrest the drunken man. The drunken man ordered them, with an oath of prodigious energy, to charge on us with their bayonets, and they did it. We retreated in good order. But the pointed steel was offensively close to me, and I called out: "This is General Grant, commander of the post; you better be careful."

But the man in shirt-sleeves replied, with a vehemence surpassing my own: "Grant ——! I don't know him. You can't fool me, boss. Go in, boys!"

But his comrades refused to *go in*, and shouldered arms, and started off toward Ironton. The man in shirt-sleeves cursed them for cowards, and tried to take from one of them his gun, that he might charge on us in person. But he was too drunk. When we reached the depot, Grant ordered a sergeant and seven soldiers to go in pursuit of the men who had met us, and bring them back to their quarters, and place them under guard, and keep them on bread and water till he should return from St. Louis. I have wondered how long they were fed on bread and water, for Grant never returned to Ironton; General Prentiss took his place there.

We reached St. Louis, and after considerable labor and management, and confronting a whole host of little moguls and august Italian and Hungarian lieutenants, and orderlies and captains and corporals, and carriers and riders and musketeers, and swordsmen, waiters, and ushers, doorkeepers, hostlers, and bootblacks, which Frémont had as a body-guard, Grant finally succeeded in getting the necessary stores and equipments. We were waiting at the Planter's House, expecting to return on the next train, when Grant received orders to go immediately to Jefferson City and take command there. As we parted, he took me by the hand, and said, with considerable feeling: "Remember me to the Twenty-first; am sorry to leave them. Good-by, Chaplain; don't forget me."

"Good-by, General; don't forget *me*. You are going up in this world; manage it so that you will keep on going up when you leave it. Good-by, General."



[Begun in the April Number.]

"PHROSO."

A TALE OF BRAVE DEEDS AND PERILOUS VENTURES.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

Lord Charles Wheatley, having taken leave in London (in a parting not overcharged with emotion) of Miss Beatrice Hipgrave, to whom he is to be married in a year; of her mother, Mrs. Kennett Hipgrave, and of Mr. Bennett Hamlyn, a rich young man who gives promise of seeing that Miss Hipgrave does not wholly lack a man's attentions in the absence of her lover,—sets out to enter possession of a remote Greek island, Neopalia, which he has purchased of the hereditary lord, Stefanopoulos. But on arriving he finds himself anything but welcome. He and his companions,—namely, his cousin, Denny Swinton; his factotum, Hogvardt; and his servant, Watkins,—are at once locked up; and though released soon, it is with a warning from the populace, headed by Vlacho, the innkeeper, that if found on the island after six o'clock the next morning, their lives will not be worth much. Toward midnight, little disposed to sleep, and curious to look about somewhat before leaving the island, they stroll inland, and come by chance upon the manor-house, still and apparently deserted. Curiosity drives them to enter. They find Lord Stefanopoulos, whom Vlacho had reported to them as recently dead of a fever, not dead, but on the point of dying—from a dagger wound. And the wound, they learn from his own lips, was given him by his nephew, Constantine, in a tumult that arose a few hours before when the people came up to protest against the sale of the island, and to persuade the lord to send the strangers away. Constantine, it further appears, is making them all their trouble, having come to the island just ahead of them to that end, after learning their plans by overhearing Wheatley talking in a London restaurant. In the darkness, on their way up, they have met a man and a woman going toward the village. The man, by his voice, they knew to be Constantine. The woman, they now learn, was the Lady Euphrosyne, cousin of Constantine and heiress to the island. From talk overheard between her and Constantine, she had seemed to be, while desirous of their departure, also anxious to spare them harm. In full possession of the house, they decide to stand siege, though scant of provisions and ammunition, and armed only with their own revolvers and a rifle left behind by Constantine. Soon Stefanopoulos dies, and by an old serving-woman they send warning to Constantine that he shall be brought to justice for his crime. Thus passes the night. Next morning Wheatley's attention is engaged by a woman studying them through a field-glass from before a small cottage, higher up the mountain. Then Vlacho, the innkeeper, presents himself for a parley, of which nothing comes but the disclosure that Constantine is pledged to marry Euphrosyne, while already secretly married to another woman. The evening falls with the "death-chant" sounding in the air—a chant made by Alexander the Bard when an earlier Lord Stefanopoulos was killed by the people for having tried to sell the island. With nightfall comes an attack. The besieged secure a prisoner—the Lady Euphrosyne, or "Phroso," as it proves, in boy's apparel. The discovery, made by Wheatley a few hours later in a midnight reconnoissance, and communicated to Phroso, that the woman at the cottage is Constantine's wife, and that Constantine is plotting to get rid of her, in order to marry Phroso and thus secure lordship of the island, at once establishes a friendship between the two that promises soon to grow tender. But, because it is a sacred family secret, Phroso refuses to disclose to Wheatley the door to a subterranean passage from the house, of which he has learned from a family history. He rushes off for a pickaxe, intending to dig into floors and walls until he finds the door. When he returns Phroso has disappeared; a ripple of laughter proves her near by, but he cannot tell where. Lord Wheatley himself tells the story.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRET OF THE STEFANOPOULOI.

WAS this a pantomime? For a moment I declared angrily that it was little better; but the next instant changed the current of my feelings, transforming irritation into alarm and perplexity into the strongest excitement. For Phroso's laugh ended—ended as a laugh ends that is suddenly cut short in its career of mirth—and there was a second of absolute stillness. Then from the front of the house, and from the back, came the sharp sound of shots, three in rapid succession in front, four be-

hind. Denny rushed out from the kitchen, rifle in hand.

"They're at us on both sides!" he cried, leaping to his perch at the window and cautiously peering round. "Hogvardt and Watkins are ready at the back. They're firing from the wood," he went on. Then he fired. "Missed; confound it!" he muttered. "Well, they don't come any nearer; I'll see to that."

Denny was a sure defence in front. I turned toward the kitchen, for more shots came from that direction, and, although it was difficult to do worse than harass us from there, our perpendicular bank of rock being a difficult obstacle to pass in face of revolver fire, I wanted to see that all was well and to make the best disposition against this unexpected onset. Yet I did not reach the kitchen. Halfway to the door that led to it I was arrested by a cry of distress. Phroso's laugh had gone, but the voice was again hers. "Help!" she cried. "Help!" Then came a chuckle from Denny at the window and a triumphant "Winged him, by Jove!"—and then from Phroso again, "Help!"—and at last an enlightening word, "Help! Under the staircase! Help!"

At this summons I left my friends to sustain the attack, or the feigned attack; for I began to suspect that it was no more than a diversion, and that the real centre of operations was "under the staircase." Thither I ran. The stairs rose from the centre of the right side of the hall, and led up to the gallery; they rose steeply, and a man could stand upright up to within four feet of the spot where the staircase sprang from the level floor. I was there now; and under me I heard no longer voices, but a kind of scuffle. The pick was in my hand, and I struck savagely again and again on the boards, for I did not doubt now that there was a trap-door, and I was in no mind to spend my time seeking for its cunning machinery. Yet, when knowledge failed, chance came to my help; at the fifth or sixth blow I must have touched the spring, for the boards yawned, leaving a space of about three inches. Dropping the pick, I fell on my knees, and seized the edge nearest me. With all my strength I tugged and pulled. But I must be wrong, for Phroso had not my strength, and she had worked the spring in an instant, silently, and, as it appeared, without difficulty. It must be the other side. That was it. At the lightest touch the boards rolled away, seeming to curl themselves up under the base of the staircase, and there was revealed to me an aperture four feet long by three broad, and a flight of stone steps.

I seized my pick again, and took a step downward. I heard nothing except the noise of retreating feet. I went on. Down six steps I went; then the steps ended, and I was on an incline. At that moment I heard again, only a few yards from me, "Help!" I sprang forward. A loud curse rang out, and a shot whistled by me. The open trap-door gave a glimmer of light. I was in a narrow passage, and a man was coming at me. I did not know where Phroso was, but I took the risk. I fired straight at him, having shifted my pick to the left hand. The aim was true; he fell prone on his face before me. I jumped on and over his body, and ran along the dark passage, for I still heard retreating steps. But then came a voice I knew, the voice of Vlacho, the innkeeper. "Then, stay where you are, curse you!" he cried savagely. There was a thud, as though some one fell heavily to the ground, a cry of pain, and then the rapid running of feet that fled, now at full pace and unencumbered. Vlacho, the innkeeper, had heard my shot, and had no stomach for fighting in that rat-run, with a girl in his arms to boot. And I, pursuing, was brought up short by the body of Phroso, which lay, white and plain to see, across the narrow passage.

"Are you hurt?" I cried eagerly.

"He flung me down violently," she answered. "But I'm not hurt otherwise."

"Then I'll go after him," I cried.

"No, no, you mustn't. You don't know the way, you don't know the dangers; there may be more of them at the other end."

"True," said I. "What happened?"

"Why, I came down to hide from you, you know. But directly I reached the foot of the steps Vlacho seized me. He was crouching there with Spiro—you know Spiro. And they said, 'Ah, she has saved us the trouble!' and began to drag me away. But I would not go, and I called to you. And I twisted my feet round Vlacho so that he couldn't go fast; then he told Spiro to catch hold of me, and they were just carrying me off when you came. Vlacho kept hold of me while Spiro went to meet you, and——"

"It seems," I interrupted, "that Constantine was less scrupulous about that oath than you were. Or how did Vlacho and Spiro come here?"

"Yes, he must have told them," she admitted reluctantly.

"Well, come along, come back; I'm

wanted," said I. And (without asking leave, I fear) I caught her up in my arms and began to run back. I jumped again over Spiro—friend Spiro had not moved—and regained the hall.

"Stay there, under the stairs; you're sheltered there," I said hastily to Phroso. Then I called to Denny: "What cheer, Denny?" Denny turned round with a radiant smile. I don't think he had even noticed my absence.

"Prime," said he. "This is a rare gun of old Constantine's; it carries a good thirty yards further than any they've got, and I can pick 'em off before they get dangerous. I've got one and winged another, and the rest have retired a little way to talk it over."

Seeing that things were all right in that quarter, I ran into the kitchen. It was well that I did. We were indeed in no danger from that side, at all events; the attack was evidently no more than a feint. There was desultory firing from a safe distance in the wood. I reckoned there must be four or five men hidden behind trees and emerging every now and then to pay us a compliment. But they had not attempted a rush. The mischief was quite different, being just this, that Watkins, who was not well instructed in the range of firearms, was cheerfully emptying his revolver into space and wasting our precious cartridges at the rate of about two a minute. He was so magnificently happy that it went to my heart to stop him, but I was compelled to seize his arm and command him very peremptorily to wait till there was something to fire at.

"I thought I'd show them that we were ready for them, my lord," said he, apologetically.

I turned impatiently to Hogvardt.

"Why did you let him make a fool of himself like that?" I asked.

"He would miss, anyhow, wherever the men were," observed Hogvardt philosophically. "And," he continued, "I was busy myself."

"What were you doing?" I asked, in a scornful tone.

Hogvardt made no answer in words. But he pointed proudly to the table. There I saw a row of five long and strong saplings; to the head of each of these most serviceable lances there was bound strongly, with thick wire, wound round again and again, a long, keen, bright knife.

"I think these may be useful," said Hogvardt, rubbing his hands, and rising from his seat with the sigh of a man who had done a good morning's work.

"The cartridges would have been more useful still," said I, severely.

"Yes," he admitted, "if you would have taken them away from Watkins. But you know you wouldn't, my lord. You'd be afraid of hurting his feelings. So he might just as well amuse himself while I made the lances."

I have known Hogvardt for a long while, and I never argue with him. The mischief was done; it was no use wasting more words over it. I shrugged my shoulders.

"Your lordship will find the lances very useful," said Hogvardt, fingering one of them most lovingly.

The attack was dying away now both in front and rear. My impression was amply

confirmed. It had been no more than a device for occupying our attention while those two daring rascals, Vlacho and Spiro, armed with the knowledge of the secret way, made a sudden dash upon us, either in the hope of getting a shot at our backs and finding shelter again before we could retaliate, or with the design of carrying off Phroso. Her jest had forestalled the former idea, if it had been in their minds, and they had then endeavored to carry out the latter. Indeed, I found afterward that it was the latter on which Constantine laid more stress, for a deputation of the islanders had come to him, proposing that he should make terms with me as a means of releasing their lady. Now, since last night, Constantine, for reasons which he could not disclose to the deputation, was absolutely precluded from treating with me; he was therefore driven to make an attempt to get Phroso out of my hands in order to satisfy her people. This attempt I had happily frustrated for the moment. But my mind was far from easy. Provisions would soon be gone; ammunition was scanty; against an attack by day, our strong position, aided by Denny's coolness and marksmanship, seemed to protect us pretty effectually; but I could feel no confidence as to the result of a grand assault under the protecting shadow of the night. And now that Constantine's hand was being forced by the islanders' anxiety for Phroso, I was afraid that he would not wait long before attempting a decisive stroke.

"I wish we were well out of it," said I despondently, as I wiped my brow.

All was quiet. Watkins appeared with bread, cheese, and wine.

"Your lordship would not wish to use the cow at luncheon?" he asked, as he passed me on his way to the hall.

"Certainly not, Watkins," I answered, smiling. "We must save the cow."

"There is still a goat, but she is a poor, thin creature, my lord."

"We shall come to her in time, Watkins," said I.

But if I was depressed, the other three were very merry over their meal. Danger was an idea which found no hospitality in Denny's brain; Hogvardt was as cool a hand as the world held; Watkins could not believe that Providence would deal unkindly with a man of my rank. They toasted our recent success, and listened with engrossed interest to my account of the secret of the Stefanopouloi. Phroso sat a little apart, saying nothing, but at last I turned to her and asked, "Where does the passage lead to?"

She answered readily enough; the secret was out through Constantine's doing, not hers, and the seal was removed from her lips.

"If you follow it to the end it comes out in a little cave in the rocks on the seashore, near the creek where the Cypriote fishermen come."

"Ah," I cried, "it might help us to get there?"

She shook her head, answering:

"Constantine is sure to have that end strongly guarded now, because he knows that you have the secret."

"We might force our way."

"There is no room for more than one man to go at a time, and besides—" She paused.

"Well, what besides?"

"It would be certain death to try to go in the face of an enemy," she answered.

Denny broke in at this point.

"By the way, what of the fellow you killed? Are we going to leave him there, or must we get him up?"

Spiro had been in my mind, and now I said to Phroso:

"What did they do with the body of Stefan Stefanopoulos? There was not time for them to have taken it to the end of the way, was there?"

"No, they didn't take it to the end of the way," said she. "I will show you, if you like. Bring some torches; you must keep behind me, and right in the middle of the path."

I accepted her invitation eagerly, telling Denny to keep guard. He was very anxious to accompany us, but another and more serious attack might be in store, and I would not trust the house to Hogvardt and Watkins alone. So I took a lantern in lieu of a torch, and prepared to follow. At the last moment Hogvardt thrust into my hand one of his lances.

"It will very likely be useful," said he. "A thing like that is always useful."

I would not disappoint him, and I took the lance. Phroso signed to me to give her the lantern, and preceded me down the flight of stairs.

"We shall be in earshot of the hall?" I asked.

"Yes, for as far as we are going," she answered; and she led the way into the passage. I prayed her to let me go first, for it was just possible that some of Constantine's ruffians might still be there.

"I don't think so," she said. "He would tell as few as possible. You see, we have always kept the secret from the islanders.

I think that if you had not killed Spiro he would not have lived long after knowing it."

"The deuce!" I exclaimed. "And Vlacho?"

"Oh, I don't know. Constantine is very fond of Vlacho. Still, perhaps some day—" The unfinished sentence was expressive enough.

"What use was the secret?" I asked, as we groped our way slowly along and edged by the body of Spiro, that lay, six feet of dead clay, in the path.

"In the first place, we could escape by it," she answered, "if any tumult arose in the island. That was what Stefan tried to do, and would have done had not his own kindred been against him and overtaken him here in the passage."

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"And in the second place?" I asked.

Phroso stopped, turned around and faced me.

"In the second place," she said, "if any one of the islanders became very powerful—too powerful, you know—then the ruling lord would show him great favor; and as a crowning mark of his confidence he would bid him come by night and learn the great secret; and they two would come together down this passage. But the lord would return alone."

"And the other?"

"The body of the other would be found two, three, four days or a week later, tossing on the shores of the island," answered Phroso. "For look!" She held the lantern high above her head, so that its light was projected in front of us and I could see fifteen or twenty yards ahead.

"When they reached here, Stefanopoulos and the other," she went on, "Stefanopoulos would stumble and feign to twist his foot, and he would pray the other to let him lean a little on his shoulder. Thus they would go on, the other a pace in front, the lord leaning on his shoulder. The lord would hold the torch, but he would not hold it up, as I hold the lantern, but down to the ground, so that it should light no more than a pace or two ahead. And when they came there—do you see, my lord—there?"

"I see," said I; and I believe I shivered a bit.

"When they came there, the torch would suddenly show the change, so suddenly that the other would start and be for an instant alarmed, and turn his head round to the lord, to ask what it meant."

Phroso paused in her recital of the savage, simple, sufficient old trick.

"Yes?" said I. "And at that moment?"

"The lord's hand on his shoulder," she answered, "that had rested lightly, would grow heavy as lead, and with a great sudden motion the other would be hurled forward, and—the lord would be alone again with the secret, and alone the holder of power on Neopalia."

This was certainly a pretty secret of empire, and none the less although the empire it protected was but nine miles long and five broad. I took the lantern from Phroso's hand, saying, "Let's have a look."

I stepped a pace or two forward, prodding the ground with Hogvardt's lance before I moved my feet. Thus I came to the spot where the Stefanopoulos used, with a great sudden motion, to propel his enemy down. For here the rocks, that had hith-

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erto narrowly edged and confined the path, bayed out on either side. The path ran on, a flat rock track about a couple of feet wide, forming the top of an upstanding cliff. But on either side there was an interval of seven or eight feet between the path and the walls of rock; and the path was unfenced. Even had the Stefanopoulos held his hand, and given no treacherous impulse, it would have needed a cool-headed man to walk that path by the dim glimmer of a torch. For, kneeling down and peering over the side, I saw below me, some seventy feet down, as I judged, the dark gleam of water, and I heard the low moan of its wash. Then Phroso said:

"If the man escaped the sharp rocks, he would fall into the water, and then if he could not swim he would sink at once; but if he could swim, he would swim round and round and round, like a fish in a bowl, till he grew weary, unless he chanced to find the only opening, and if he found that and passed through he would come to a rapid, where the water runs swiftly, and he would be dashed on the rocks. Only by a miracle could he escape death by one or other of these ways. So I was told when I was of age to know the secret. And it is certain that no man who fell into the water has escaped alive, although their bodies come out."

"Did Stefan's body come out?" I asked, peering at the dark water with a fascinated gaze.

"No, because they tied weights to it before they threw it down, and so with the head. Stefan is there at the bottom. Perhaps another Stefanopoulos is there also, for his body was never found. He was caught by the man he threw down, and the two fell together."

"Well, I'm glad of it," said I with emphasis, as I rose to my feet. "I wish the same thing had always happened."

"Then," remarked Phroso with a smile, "I should not be here to tell you about it."

"Hum," said I. "At all events, I wish it had generally happened. For a more villainous contrivance I never heard of in all my life. We English are not accustomed to this sort of thing."

Phroso looked at me for a moment with a strange expression of eagerness, hesitation, and fear. Then she suddenly put out her hand and laid it on my arm.

"I will not go back to my cousin, who has wronged me, if—if I may stay with you," she said.

"If you may stay!" I exclaimed, with a nervous sort of laugh.

"But will you protect me—will you stand by me? Will you swear not to leave me here alone on the island? If you will, I will tell you another thing—a thing that would certainly bring me death if it were known I had told."

"Whether you tell me, or whether you don't," said I, "I'll do what you ask."

"Then you are not the first Englishman who has been here. Seventy years ago there came an Englishman here, a daring man, a lover of our people and a friend of the great Byron. Orestes Stefanopoulos, who ruled here then, loved him very much, and brought him here and showed him the path and the water under it. And he, the Englishman, came next day with a rope, and fixed the rope at the top and let himself down. And somehow—I do not know how—he came safe out to the sea, past the rocks and the rapids. But, alas, he boasted of it! And when the thing became known, all the family came to Orestes and asked him what he had done. And he said: 'Dine with me this night, and I will tell you.' For he saw that what he had done was known. So they all dined together, and Orestes told them what he had done, and how he did it for love of the Englishman. And they said nothing, but looked sad, for they loved Orestes. But he did not wait for them to kill him, as they were bound to do; but he took a great flagon of wine, and poured into it the contents of a small flask. And his kindred said: 'Well done, Lord Orestes!' Then they all rose to their feet, and drank to him. And he drained the flagon to their good fortune, and went and lay down on his bed and turned his face to the wall and died."

I paid less attention to this new episode in the family history of the Stefanopouloi than it perhaps deserved; my thoughts were

with the Englishman, not with his too generous friend. Yet the thing was handsomely done, on both sides handsomely done.

"If he got out!" I cried, gazing at Phroso's face.

"Yes, I mean that," said she, simply. "But it must be dangerous."

"It's not exactly safe where we are," I said, smiling. "And Constantine will be guarding the proper path. By Jove, we'll try it!"

"And I must come with you. For if you go that way and escape, Constantine will kill me."

"You've just as good a right to kill Constantine."

"Still, he will kill me. You'll take me with you?"

"To be sure I will," said I.

Now, when a man pledges his word he ought, to my thinking, to look straight and honestly in the eyes of the woman to whom he is promising. Yet I did not look into Phroso's eyes, but stared awkwardly over her head at the walls of rock. Then, without any more words, we turned back and went toward the secret door. But I stopped at Spiro's body, and said to Phroso:

"Will you send Denny to me?"

She went, and when Denny came we took Spiro's body and carried it to where the walls bayed, and we flung it down into the dark water below. And I told Denny of the Englishman who had come alive through the perils of the hidden chasm. He listened with eager attention, nodding his head at every point of the story.

"There lies our road, Denny," said I, pointing with my finger. "We'll go along it to-night."

Denny looked down, shook his head, and smiled.

"And the girl?" he asked suddenly.

"She comes, too," said I.

We walked back together, Denny being unusually silent and serious. I thought that even his audacious courage was a little dashed by the sight and the associations of that grim place; so I said:

"Cheer up. If that other fellow got through the rocks, we can!"

"Oh, hang the rocks!" said Denny scornfully. "I wasn't thinking of them."

"Then what are you so glum about?"

"I was wondering," said Denny, loosing my arm, "how Beatrice Hipgrave would get on with Euphrosyne."

I looked at Denny. I tried to feel angry, or even, if I failed in that, to appear angry. But it was no use. Denny was imperturbable. I took his arm again.

"Thanks, old man," said I. "I'll remember."

For, when I considered the very emphatic assertions that I had made to Denny before we left England, I could not honestly deny that he was justified in his little reminder.

"BUT THE LAST STEP HAD TO BE TAKEN. I CRAWLED FROM THE SHELTER OF THE TREES."

CHAPTER VIII.

A KNIFE AND A ROPE.

Some modern thinkers, I believe, or perhaps, to be quite safe, I had better say some modern talkers, profess to estimate the value of a life by reference to the number of distinct sensations which it enables them to experience. Judged by a similar standard my island had been up to the present time a brilliant success; it was certainly fulfilling the functions which Mrs. Kennett Hipgrave had appropriated to it, by whiling away the time that must elapse before my marriage with her daughter and providing occupation for my thoughts during this weary interval. The difficulty was that the island seemed disinclined to restrict itself to this modest sphere of usefulness; it threatened to monopolize me, and to leave very little of me or my friends by the time that it had finished with us.

For, although we maintained our cheerfulness, our position was not encouraging.

Had matters been anything short of desperate above ground, it would have been madness to plunge into that watery hole whose egress was unknown to us, and to take such a step on the off chance of finding at the other end the Cypriote fishermen and obtaining from them either an alliance, or, if that failed, the means of flight. Yet we none of us doubted that to take the plunge was the wiser course. I did not believe in the extreme peril of the passage, for, on further questioning, Phroso told us that the Englishman had come through not only alive and well, but also dry. Therefore, there was a path; and along a path that one man can go, four men can go; while Phroso, again attired at my suggestion in her serviceable boy's suit, was the equal of any of us. So we left considering whether, and fell to the more profitable work of asking how, to go. Hogvardt and Watkins went off at once to the point of departure, armed with a pick, a mallet, some stout pegs, and a long length of rope. All save the last were ready on the premises, and that last formed always part of Hogvardt's own equipment; he wore it round his waist, and I believe slept in it, like a mediæval ascetic. Meanwhile Denny and I kept watch, and Phroso, who seemed out of humor, disappeared into her own room.

Our idea was to reach the other end of our journey somewhere about eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Phroso told us that this hour was the most favorable for finding the fishermen; they would then be taking a meal before launching their boats for the fishing grounds. Three hours seemed ample time to allow for the journey, for the way could hardly, however rich it were in windings, be more than three or four miles long. We determined, therefore, to start at five. At four Hogvardt and Watkins returned from the underground passage. They had driven three stout pegs into excavations in the rocky path, and built them securely in with stones and earth. The rope was tied fast and firm round the pegs, and the moistness of it showed its length to be sufficient. I wished to descend first, but I was at once overruled. Denny was to lead, Watkins was to follow, then came Hogvardt, then Phroso, and lastly myself. We arranged all this as we ate a good meal. Then each man stowed away a portion of goat—the goat had died the death that morning—and tied a flask of wine about him. It was a quarter to five, and Denny rose to his feet, flinging away his cigarette.

"That's my last!" said he, regretfully regarding his empty case.

His words sounded ominous, but the spirit of action was upon us, and we would not be discouraged. I went to the hall door and fired a shot, and then did the like at the back. Having thus spent two cartridges on advertising our presence, we made without delay for the passage, and with my own hand I closed the door behind us. The secret of the Stefanopouli would thus be hidden from profane eyes in the very likely event of the islanders finding their way into the house in the course of the next few hours.

I persuaded Phroso to sit down some little way from the chasm and wait till we were ready for her; we four went on. Denny was a delightful boy to deal with on such occasions. He wasted no time in preliminaries. He gave one lusty pull at the rope; it stood the test. He cast a rapid eye over the wedges; they were strong, and strongly imbedded in the rock. He laid hold of the rope.

"Don't come after me till I shout," said he, and he was over the side. The lantern showed me his descending figure, while Hogvardt and Watkins held the rope ready to haul him up in case of need. There was one moment of suspense; then his voice came, distant and cavernous.

"All right. There's a broad ledge—a foot and a half broad, twenty feet above the water, and I can see a glimmer of light that looks like the way out."

"This is almost disappointingly simple," said I.

"Would your lordship desire me to go next?" asked Watkins.

"Yes, fire away, Watkins," said I, now in high good humor.

"Stand from under, sir," called Watkins to Denny, and over he went.

A shout announced his safe arrival. I laid down the lantern, and took hold of the rope.

"I must hang on to you, Hog," said I. "You carry flesh, you see."

Hogvardt was calm, smiling, and leisurely.

"When I'm down, my lord," he said, "I'll stand ready to catch the young lady. Give me a call before you start her off."

"All right," I answered. "I'll go and fetch her directly."

Over went old Hogvardt. He groaned once; I suppose he grazed against the wall; but he descended with perfect

safety, and Denny called: "Now we're ready for her, Charlie. Lower away!" And I, turning, began to walk back to where I had left Phroso.

My island—and I can hardly resist personifying it in the image of some charming girl, full of tricks and surprises, yet all the while enchanting—had now behaved well for two hours. The limit of its endurance seemed to be reached. In another five minutes Phroso and I would have been safely down the rope and the party reunited at the bottom, with a fair hope of carrying out at least the first part of the enterprise prosperously. But it was not to be. My eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom, and when I went back I left the lantern standing by the rope. Suddenly, when I was still a few yards from Phroso, I heard a curious noise—a sort of shuffling sound, rather like the noise made by a rug or carpet drawn along the floor. I stood still and listened, turning my head round to the chasm. The noise continued for a minute. I took a step in the direction of it. Then a thing occurred which looked very strange. The lantern appeared to get up, raise itself a foot or so in the air, keeping its light toward me, and threw itself over the chasm! At the same instant there was a rasp. Heavens, it was a knife on the rope. A cry came from far down in the chasm. I darted forward. I rushed to where the walls bayed and the chasm opened.

The shuffling sound had begun again; and in the middle of the isolated path I saw a dark object. It must be the figure of a man—a man who had watched our proceedings, unobserved by us, and seized this chance of separating our party. For a moment—a fatal moment—I stood aghast, doing nothing. Then I drew my revolver, and fired—once—twice—thrice. The bullets whistled along the path, but the dark figure was no longer to be seen there. But in an instant came an answering shot from across the bridge of rock. Denny shouted wildly to me from below. I fired again; there was a groan, but two shots flashed at the very same moment. There were two men there—perhaps more. I stood again for a moment, undecided. But I could do no good there. I turned and ran fairly and fast. "Come, come," I cried, when I reached Phroso. "Come back! Come back! They've cut the rope, and they'll be on us directly."

Amazed, she yet rose as I bade her. We heard feet running along the passage. They would be across the bridge now. Would they stop and fire down the chasm? No, they were coming on. And we also went on; a touch of Phroso's practised fingers opened the door for us. I turned, and in wrath gave the pursuers one more shot. Then I ran up the stairs and shut the door behind us. We were in the hall again, but Phroso and I alone.

A hurried story told her all that had happened. Her breath came quick, and her cheek flushed.

"The cowards!" she said. "They dared not attack us when we were all together!"

"They will attack us before very long now," said I, "and we can't possibly hold the house against them. Why, they may open that trap-door any moment."

Phroso stepped quickly toward it, and stooping, for an instant examined it. "Yes," she said, "they may. I can't fasten it. You spoilt the fastening with your pick."

Hearing this, I stepped up close to the door, and I called out: "The first man who looks out is a dead man."

No sound came from below. Either they were too hurt to attempt the attack, or more probably they preferred the safer and surer way of surrounding us and overwhelming us by numbers from outside. Indeed we were at our last gasp now, and I flung myself despondently on to a chair, but I kept my finger on my weapon and my eye on the trap-door.

"They cannot get back—our friends—and we cannot get to them," said Phroso.

"No," said I. Her simple statement was terribly true.

"And we cannot stay here!" she pursued.

"They'll be at us in an hour or two at most, I warrant. Those fellows will carry back the news that we are alone here."

"And if they come?" she said, fixing her eyes on me.

"They won't hurt you, will they?"

"I don't know what Constantine would do; but I don't think the people will let him hurt me, unless——"

"Well, unless what?"

She hesitated, looked at me, looked away again. I believe that my eyes were now guilty of neglecting the trap-door, which I ought to have watched.

"Unless what?" I said again. But Phroso grew red and did not answer.

"Unless you're so foolish as to try and protect me, you mean?" I said. "Unless you refuse to give them back what Constantine offers to win for them—the island?"

"They will not let you have the island," she said, in a low voice. "I dare not face them and tell them it is yours."

"Do you admit it's mine?" I asked eagerly.

A slow smile dawned on Phroso's face; she held out her hand to me. Ah, Denny, my conscience, why were you at the bottom of the chasm? I seized her hand and kissed it.

"Between friends," she said softly, "there is no thine or mine."

Ah, Denny, where were you? I kissed her hand again—and dropped it like a red-hot coal.

"But I can't say that to my islanders," said Phroso, smiling.

Charming as it was, I wished she had not said it to me. I wished that she would not speak as she spoke, or look as she looked, or to be what she was. I forgot all about the trap-door. The island was piling sensations on me.

At last I got up and went to the table. I found there a scrap of paper on which Denny had drawn a fancy sketch of Constantine (to whom, by the way, he attributed hoofs and a tail). I turned the blank side uppermost, and took my pencil out of my pocket. I was determined to put the thing on a business-like footing; so I began, "Whereas"—which has a cold, legal, business-like sound.

"Whereas," I wrote in English, "this island of Neopalia is mine, I hereby fully, freely, and absolutely give it to the Lady Euphrosyne, niece of Stefan Georgios Stefanopoulos, lately lord of the said island—Wheatley." And I made a copy underneath, in Greek, and, walking across to Phroso, handed the paper to her, remarking, in a rather disagreeable tone, "There you are. That'll put all straight, I hope." Then I sat down again, feeling out of humor. I did not like giving up my island, even to Phroso. Moreover I had the strongest doubts whether my surrender would be of the least use in saving my skin.

I do not know that I need relate what Phroso did when I gave her back her island. These southern races have picturesque but extravagant ways. I did not know where to look while she was thanking me, and it was as much as I could do not to call out, "Do stop!" However, presently she did stop, but not because I asked her. She was stayed by a sudden thought that had been in my mind all the while, but now flashed suddenly into hers.

"But Constantine?" she said. "You know his—his secrets! Won't he still try to kill you?"

Of course he would, if he valued his own neck. For I had sworn to see him hanged for one murder, and I knew that he meditated another.

"Oh, don't you bother about that," said I. "I expect I can manage Constantine."

"Do you think I'm going to desert you?" she asked in superb indignation.

"No, no, of course not," I protested, rather in a fright. "I shouldn't think of accusing you of such a thing."

"You know that's what you meant," said Phroso, a world of reproach in her voice.

"My dear lady," said I, "getting you into trouble won't get me out of it, and getting you out may get me out. Take that paper in your hand and go back to your people. Say nothing about Constantine just now; play with him. You know what I've told you, and you won't be deluded by him. Don't let him see that you know anything of the woman at the cottage. It won't help you, it may hurt me, and it will certainly bring her into greater danger; for if nothing has happened to her already, yet something may, if his suspicions are aroused."

"I am to do all this! And what will you do, my lord?"

"I say, don't call me 'my lord.' We say 'Lord Wheatley.' What am I going to do? I'm going to make a run for it."

"But they'll kill you!"

"Then shall I stay here?"

"Yes, stay here."

"But Constantine's fellows will be here before long."

"You must give yourself up to them and tell them to bring you to me. They couldn't hurt you then."

Well, I wasn't sure of that, but I pretended to believe it. The truth is that I dared not tell Phroso what I had actually resolved to do. It was a risky job, but it was a chance, and it was more than a chance. It was very like an obligation that a man had no right to shrink from discharging. Here was I planning to make Phroso comfortable; that was right enough. And here was I planning to keep my own skin whole; well, a man does no wrong in doing that. But what of that unlucky woman on the hill? I knew friend Constantine would take care that Phroso should not come within speaking distance of her. Was nobody to set her on guard? Was I to leave her to her blind

trust in the ruffian whom she was unfortunate enough to call husband, and in his tool, Vlacho? Now I came to think of it—now that I was separated from my friends and had no lingering hope of being able to beat Constantine in fair fight—that seemed hardly the right thing, hardly a thing I should care to talk about or think about, if I did save my own precious skin. Would not Constantine teach his wife the secret of the Stefanopouloi? Urged by these reflections, I made up my mind to play a little trick on Phroso, and feigned to accept her suggestion that I should rely on her to save me. She evidently had great confidence in her influence, now that she held that piece of paper. I had less confidence in it, for it was clear that Constantine wielded immense power over these unruly islanders, and I thought it likely enough that they would demand from Phroso a promise to marry him as the price of obeying her. Then, whether Constantine did or did not promise me my life, I felt sure that he would do his best to rob me of it.

"'NOT A WORD!' I SAID, LAYING MY HAND ON HER SHOULDER."

Well, time pressed. I rose and unbolted the door of the house. Phroso sat still. I looked along the road. I saw nobody, but I heard the blast of the horn that had fallen on my ears once before and had proved the forerunner of an attack. Phroso also heard it, for she sat up, saying, "Hark, they are summoning all the men to the town! That means they are coming here."

But it meant something else also to me; if all the men were summoned, there would be fewer for me to elude in the wood.

"Will they all go?" I asked, as though in mere curiosity.

"All who are not on some duty," she answered.

I had to hope for the best, but Phroso went on in distress:

"It means that they are coming here—here, to take you."

"Then you must lose no time in going," said I, and I took her hand and gently raised her to her feet. She stood there for a moment, looking at me. I had let go her hand, but she took mine again now, and she said, with a sudden vehemence and a rush of rich deep red on her olive cheek:

"If they kill you, they shall kill me, too."

The words gushed impetuously from her, but at the end there was a choke in her throat.

"No, no, nonsense," said I. "You've got the island now. You mustn't talk like that."

"I don't care—" she began, and stopped.

"Besides, I shall pull through," said I.

She dropped my hand, but she kept her eyes on mine.

"And if you get away?" she asked. "What will you do? If you get to Rhodes, what will you do?"

"All I shall do is to lay an information against your cousin and the innkeeper. The rest are ignorant fellows, and I bear them no malice. Besides, they are your men now."

"And when you have done that?" she asked gravely.

"Well, that'll be all there is to do," said I, with an attempt at playful gayety. It was not a very happy attempt.

"Then you'll go home to your own people?"

"I shall go home. I've got no people in particular."

"And shall you ever come to Neopalia again?"

"I don't know. Yes, if you invite me."

She regarded me intently for a full minute. She seemed to have forgotten the blast of the horn that summoned the islanders. I also had forgotten it, and I saw nothing but the perfect oval face crowned with clustering hair, and framing deep liquid eyes. Then she drew a ring from her finger.

"You have fought for me," she said. "You have risked your life for me. Will you take this ring from me? And once I tried to stab you. Do you remember, my lord?"

I bowed my head, and Phroso set the ring on my finger.

"Wear it till a woman you love gives you one to wear instead," said Phroso, with a little smile. "And then go to the edge of your island—you are an islander, too, are you not? so we are brethren—go to the edge of your island and throw it into the sea; perhaps my dear friend, the sea, will bring it back, a message from you to me. For I think you will never again come to Neopalia."

I made no answer, and we walked together to the door of the house, and paused again for a moment on the threshold.

"See, the blue sea!" said Phroso. "Is it not—is not your island—a beautiful island? If God brings you safe to your own land, my lord, as I will pray him to do on my knees, think kindly of your island and of one who dwells there."

The blast of the horn had died away. The setting sun was turning blue to gold on the quiet water. The evening was very still; we stood looking from the threshold of the door, under the portal of the house that had seen such strange wild doings, and had so swiftly made for itself a place forever in my life and memory.

I glanced at Phroso's face. Her eyes were set on the sea, her cheek had gone pale again, and her lip was quivering. Suddenly came a loud, sharp note on the horn.

"It is the signal for the start," said she. "I must go, or they will be here in heat and anger, and I shall not be able to stop them. And they will kill my lord. No, I will say 'my lord.'"

She moved to leave me. I had answered nothing to all she had said. What was there that an honorable man could say? Was there one thing? I told myself (too eager to tell it to myself) that I had no right to presume to say that. And anything else I would not say.

"God bless you," I said, as she moved away, and I caught her hand and again lightly kissed it. "My homage to the lady of the island," I whispered.

Her hand dwelt in mine a moment, briefer than our divisions of time can reckon, fuller than is often the longest of them. Then with one last look, questioning, appealing, excusing, protesting, confessing, aye, and (for my sins) hoping, she left me, and stepped along the rocky road in the grace and glory of her youth and beauty. I stood watching her, forgetting the woman at the cottage, forgetting my own danger, forgetting even the peril she ran whom I watched—forgetting everything save the old that bound me and the new that called me. So I stood till she vanished from my sight; and still I stood, for she was there though the road hid her. I was roused at last only by a great cry, of surprise, of fierce joy and triumph, that rent the still air of the evening and echoed back in rumblings from the hill. The Neopalians were greeting their rescued lady.

Then I turned, snatched up Hogvardt's lance again, and fled through the house, to do my errand. For I would save that woman, if I could; and my own life was not mine to lose any more than it was mine to give to whom I would. I recollect that, as I ran through the kitchen and across the compound, making for the steps in the bank of rock, I said, "God forgive me!"

CHAPTER IX.

HATS OFF TO ST. TRYPHON!

A MAN'S mind can move on more than one line, and even the most engrossing selfish care may fail entirely to occupy it or to shut out intruding rivals. Not only should I have been wise, but I should have

chosen, in that risky walk of mine through the wood that covered the hill-slope, to think of nothing but its risk. Yet countless other things exacted a share of my thoughts. Sometimes I was with Denny and his faithful followers, threading dark and devious ways in the bowels of the earth, avoiding deep waters on one side, sheer falls on the other, losing the track, finding it again, deluded by deceptive glimmers of light, finding at last the true outlet; now received hospitably by the Cypriote fishermen, now fiercely assailed by them; again finding none of them; now making allies of them; now carried prisoners by them to Constantine; again scouring the sea with vain eagerness for a sight of their sails.

Then I was off, far away, to England, to my friends there, to the gayety of London, now in its full rushing tide, to Mrs. Hipgrave's exclusive receptions, to Beatrice's gay talk and pretty insolence, to Hamlyn's gilded dulness, in rapid survey of all the panorama that I knew so well. Then I would turn back to the scene I had left, and again bid my farewell under the quiet sky, in prospect of the sea that turned to gold. So I passed back and forward till I seemed myself hardly a thinking man, but rather a piece of blank glass, across which the myriad mites of the kaleidoscope chased one another, covering it with varying colors, but none of them imparting their hue to it. Yet all this time, by the strange division of mental activity of which I have spoken, I was crawling cautiously but quickly up the mountain side, with eyes keen to pierce the dusk that now fell, with ears apt to find an enemy in every rustling leaf and a hostile step in every woodland sound. But I had seen no real foes yet. Ah! Hush! I dropped on my knees. Away there on the right—what was it leaning against that tree trunk? It was a tall, lean man; his arms rested on a long gun, and his face was towards the old gray house.

Would he see me? I crouched lower. Would he hear me? I was as still as dead. Spiro had been in the passage. But then I felt stealthily for the butt of my revolver; and a recollection so startling came to me that I nearly betrayed myself by some sudden movement. In the distribution of burdens for our proposed journey, Denny had taken the case containing the spare cartridges that remained after we had all reloaded. But now I had only one barrel loaded—only one shot left. That one shot and Hogvardt's lance were my only resources. I crouched yet lower; but the man was motionless, and presently I ventured to move on my hands and knees, sorely inconvenienced by the long lance, but determined not to leave it behind me. I passed another sentry a hundred yards or so away on the left; but his head was sunk on his breast, and he took no notice of me. I breathed a little more freely as I came within fifty feet of the cottage.

"THEN VLACHO SAID, IN SULLEN, RESOLUTE TONES, 'I'LL NOT GO WITHOUT YOU. . . . COME!'"

Immediately about the house nobody was in sight. This, however, in Neopalia did not always mean that nobody was near, and I abated none of my caution. But the last step had to be taken. I crawled from the shelter of the trees and crouched on one knee on the level space round the cottage. The cottage door was open. I listened, but heard nothing. Well, I meant to go in; and my entrance would be none the easier for waiting. A quick dart was safest; in a couple of bounds I was across, in the veranda, through the door, in the house. I closed

the door noiselessly behind me, and stood there, Hogvardt's lance ready for the first man I saw. But I saw none. I was in a narrow passage; there were doors on either side of me. Listening again, I heard no sound from either side. I opened the door to the right. I saw a small square room; the table was spread for a meal, three places being laid, but the room was empty.

I turned to the other door and opened it. This room was darker, for heavy curtains, drawn, no doubt, earlier in the day, to keep out the sun, had not been drawn back, and the light was very dim. For a while I could make out little, but, my eyes growing more accustomed to the darkness, I soon perceived that I was in a sitting-room, sparsely and rather meanly furnished. Then my eyes fell on a couch, which stood against the wall opposite me; and on the couch lay a figure. It was the figure of a woman; I heard now the slight but regular sound of her breath. She was asleep. This must be the woman I sought. But was she a sensible woman? Or would she scream when I waked her, and bring those tall fellows out of the wood? In hesitation I stood still and watched her. She slept like one who was weary, but not at peace; restless movements, and, now and again, broken, incoherent exclamations witnessed to her disquiet. Presently her broken sleep passed into half-wakeful consciousness, and she sat up, looking round her with a dazed glance.

"Is that you, Constantine?" she asked, rubbing her hand across her eyes. "Or is it Vlacho?"

With a swift step I was by her.

"Neither. Not a word," I said, laying my hand on her shoulder.

I was, I dare say, an alarming figure, with the butt of my revolver peeping out of my pocket, and Hogvardt's lance in my left hand. But she did not cry out.

"I am Wheatley. I have escaped from the house there," I went on, "and I've come here because there's something I must tell you. You remember our last meeting?"

She looked at me still in amazed surprise, but with a gleam of recollection.

"Yes, yes. You were—we went to watch you—yes, at the restaurant?"

"You went to watch and to listen? Yes, I supposed so. But I've been near you since then. Do you remember the man who was on your veranda?"

"That was you?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes, it was. And while I was there I heard——"

"But what are you doing here? This house is watched. Constantine may be here any moment, or Vlacho."

"I'm as safe here as I was down the hill. Now listen! Are you this man's wife, as he called you that night?"

"Am I his wife? Of course I am his wife. How else could I be here?" The indignation expressed in her answer was the best guarantee of its truth, and became her well. And she held her hand up to me, as she had to the man himself in the restaurant, adding: "There is his ring."

"Then listen to me, and don't interrupt," said I brusquely. "Time's valuable to me, and even more, I fear, to you."

Her eyes were alarmed now, but she listened in silence, as I bade her. I told her briefly what had happened to me, and then I set before her more fully the conversation between Constantine and Vlacho, which I had overheard. She clutched the cushions of the sofa in her clenched hand, her breathing came quick and fast, her eyes gleamed at me even in the gloom of the curtained room. I don't believe that in her heart she was surprised at what she heard. She had mistrusted the man; her demeanor the first time I had seen her went far to prove that. She received my story rather as a confirmation of her own suspicions than as a new and startling revelation. She was fearful, excited, strung to a high pitch; but astonished she was not, if I read her right. And when I ended, it was not astonishment that clenched her lips and brought to her eyes a look that I think Constantine himself would have shrunk from meeting. I had paused at the end of my narrative, but I recollected one thing more. I must warn her about the secret passage; for that offered her husband too ready and easy a way of relieving himself of his burden. But now she interrupted me.

"This girl?" she said. "I have not seen her. What is she like?"

"She is very beautiful," said I, simply. "She knows what I have told you, and is on her guard. You need fear nothing from her. It is your husband whom you have to fear."

"He would kill me?" she asked, with a questioning glance.

"You have heard what he said," I returned. "Put your own meaning on it."

She sprang to her feet.

"I can't stay here; I can't stay here. Merciful heaven, they may come any moment! Where are you going? How are

you going to escape? You are in as much danger as I am."

"I believe in even greater," said I. "I was going straight from here down to the sea. If I can find my friends, we'll go through with the thing together. If I don't find them, I shall hunt for a boat. If I don't find a boat—well, I'm a good swimmer, and I shall live as long in the water as in Neopalia, and die easier, I fancy."

She was standing now, facing me, and she laid her hand on my arm.

"You stand by women, you Englishmen," she said. "You won't leave me to be murdered?"

"You see I am here. Doesn't that answer your question?"

"My God, he is a fiend! Will you take me with you?"

What could I do? Her coming gave little chance to her, and robbed me of almost all prospect of escape. But of course I could not leave her.

"You must come if you see no other way of escape," said I.

"Why, what other is there? If I avoid him he will see I suspect him. If I appear to trust him, I must put myself in his power."

"Then we must go," said I. "But it's a thousand to one that we don't get through."

I had hardly spoken when a voice outside said: "Is all well?" and a heavy step echoed in the veranda.

"Vlacho!" she hissed, in a whisper. "Vlacho! Are you armed?"

"In a way," said I, with a shrug. "But there are at least two besides him. I saw them in the wood."

"Yes, yes, true. There are four generally. It would be death. Here, hide behind the curtains. I will try to put him off for the moment. Quick, quick!"

She was hurried and eager, but I saw that her wits were clear. I stepped behind the curtains, and she drew them close. I heard her fling herself again on the couch. Then came the innkeeper's voice, his roughness softened in deferential greeting. At the same time a strong smell of *eau de cologne* pervaded the room.

"Am I well?" said Madame Stefanopoulos, fretfully. "My good Vlacho, I am very ill. Should I sit in a dark room and bathe my head with this stuff if I were well?"

"My lady's sickness grieves me beyond expression," said Vlacho, politely. "And the more so because I am come from my Lord Constantine with a message for you."

"It is easier for him to send messages than to come himself," she remarked with an admirable pretence of resentment.

"Think how occupied he has been with this pestilent Englishman," said the plausible Vlacho. "We have had no peace. But at last I hope our troubles are over. The house is ours again."

"Ah, you have driven them out?"

"They fled themselves," said Vlacho. "But they are separated, and we shall catch them. Yes, we know where to look for most of them."

"Then you've not caught any of them yet? How stupid you are."

"My lady is severe. No, we have caught none as yet."

"Not even Wheatley himself?" she asked. "Has he shown you a clean pair of heels?"

Vlacho's voice betrayed irritation as he answered:

"We shall find him in turn also, though heaven knows where the rascal has hidden himself."

"You are really very stupid," said Francesca; and I heard her sniff her perfume. "And the girl?" she went on.

"Oh, we have her safe and sound," laughed Vlacho. "She will give no more trouble."

"Why, what will you do with her?"

"You must ask my lord that," said Vlacho. "If she will give up the island, perhaps nothing."

"Ah, well, I take very little interest in her. Is not my husband coming to supper, Vlacho?"

"To supper here, my lady? Surely, no. The great house is ready now. That is a more fitting place for my lady than this doghole! I am here to escort you there; and there my lord will sup with you. Oh, it is a grand house!"

"A grand house!" she echoed scornfully. "Why, what is there to see in it?"

"Oh, many things," said Vlacho. "Yes, secrets, my lady! And my lord bids me say that from love of you he will show you to-night the great secret of his house. He desires to show his love and trust in you, and will therefore reveal to you all his secrets."

When I, behind the curtain, heard the ruffian say this, I laid firmer hold on my lance. But the lady was equal to Vlacho.

"You are very melodramatic with your secrets," she said contemptuously. "I am tired, and my head aches. Your secrets will wait; if my husband will not come and

sup with me, I'll sup alone here. Tell him I can't come, please, Vlacho."

"But my lord was most urgent that you should come," said Vlacho.

"I would come if I were well," said she.

"But I could help you. If you would permit, I and my men would carry you down all the way on your couch."

"My good Vlacho, you are very tedious, you and your men. And my husband is tedious also, if he sent all these long messages. I am ill, and I will not come. Is that enough?"

"My lord will be very angry if I return alone," pleaded Vlacho humbly.

"I will write a certificate that you did your best to persuade me," she said, with a scornful laugh.

I heard the innkeeper's heavy feet move a step or two across the floor. He was coming nearer to where she lay on the couch.

"I dare not return without you," said he.

"Then you must stay here and sup with me."

"My lord does not love to be opposed."

"Then, my good Vlacho, he should not have married me," she retorted.

She played the game gallantly, fencing and parrying with admirable tact, and with a coolness wonderful for a woman in such peril. My heart went out to her, and I said to myself that she should not want for any help that I could give.

She had raised her voice on the last words, and her defiant taunt rang out clear and loud. It seemed to alarm Vlacho.

"Hush, not so loud!" he said hastily; and there was the hint of a threat in his voice.

"Not so loud!" she echoed. "And why not so loud? Is there harm in what I say?"

I wondered at Vlacho's sudden alarm. The idea shot into my head—and the idea was not a pleasant one—that there must be people within earshot, perhaps people who had not been trusted with Constantine's secrets, and would, for that reason, do his bidding better.

"Harm? No, no harm; but no need to let every one hear," said Vlacho, confusedly and with evident embarrassment.

"Every one! Who is here, then?"

"I have brought one or two men to escort my lady," said he. "With these cut-throat Englishmen about" (bravo, bravo, Vlacho!) "one must be careful."

A scornful laugh proclaimed her opinion of his subterfuge, and she met him with a skilful thrust.

"But if they do not know, yes, and are not to know, that I am the wife of Constantine, how can I go to the house and stay with him?" she asked.

"Oh," said he, ready again with his plausible half-truths, "that is one of the secrets. Must I tell my lady part of it? There is a most excellent hiding-place in the house, where my lord can bestow you most comfortably. You will want for nothing, and nobody will know that you are there, except the few faithful men who have guarded you here."

"Indeed, if I am still to be a stowaway, I'll stay here," said she. "If my lord will announce me publicly to all the island as his wife, then I will come and take my place at the head of his house. But without that I will not come."

"Surely you will be able to persuade him to that yourself," said Vlacho. "But dare I make conditions with my lord?"

"You will make them in my name," she answered. "Go and tell him what I say."

A pause followed. Then Vlacho said, in sullen, resolute tones:

"I'll not go without you. I was ordered to bring you, and I will. Come!"

I heard the sudden rustle of her dress as she drew back, then a little cry, "You're hurting me."

"You must come," said Vlacho. "I shall call my men and carry you."

"I will not come," she said in low tones, resolute and fierce.

Vlacho laughed. "We'll see about that," said he; and his heavy steps sounded on the floor.

"What are you going to the window for?" she cried.

"To call Demetri and Kortes to help me," said he. "Or will you come!"

I drew back a pace, resting against the window-sill; Hogvardt's lance was protruded before me. At that moment I asked nothing better than to bury its point in the fat innkeeper's flesh.

"You will repent it if you do what you say," said she.

"I shall repent it more if I do not obey my lord," said Vlacho. "See my hand is in the curtains. Will you come, my lady?"

"I will not come," said she.

There was one last short interval. I heard them both breathing, and I held my own breath. My revolver rested in my pocket; the noise of a shot would be fatal. With God's help I would drive the lance home with one silent, sufficient thrust.

There would be a rogue less in the world and another chance for her and me.

"As you will, then," said the innkeeper.

The curtain-rings rattled along the rod, the heavy hanging gave back, the moon that was newly risen streamed full in Vlacho's eyes and on the pale strained face behind him. He saw me; he uttered one low exclamation. His hand flew to his belt; he drew a pistol and raised it. But I was too quick for him. I drove the great hunting-knife on the end of Hogvardt's sapling full and straight into his breast.

With a groan he flung his arms over his head and fell sideways, half-supported by the curtain, till the fabric was rent away from the rings and fell over his body, enveloping him in a thick pall. I drew my lance back. The force of the blow had overstrained Hogvardt's wire fastenings; the blade was bent to an angle with the shaft and shook loosely from side to side. Vlacho's blood began to curl in a meandering trickle from beneath the curtain. Madame Stefanopoulos glared at me speechless. But my eyes fell from her to the floor, and there I saw two long black shadows. A sudden and desperate inspiration seized me. She was my ally, I hers; if both were held guilty of this act we could render no service to each other. If she were still unsuspected—and nobody except myself had heard her talk with Vlacho—she might yet help herself and me.

"Throw me over," I whispered in English. "Cry for help!"

"What?"

"Cry! The men are there. You may help me afterwards."

"What, pretend——?"

"Yes. Quick!"

"But they'll——"

"No, no. Quick, for God's sake, quick!"

"God help us," she whispered. Then she cried loudly: "Help! Help! Help!"

I sprang toward her! There was the crash of a man leaping through the window. I turned. Behind him I saw Demetri, standing in the moonlight. Other figures hurried up; feet pattered on the hard ground. The man who had leapt in, a very tall, handsome, and athletic fellow, whom I had not seen before, held to my head a long, old-fashioned pistol. I let my hands drop to my side, and faced him with a smile on my lips. It must be death to resist—death to me and death to my new friend; surrender might open a narrow way of safety.

"I yield," said I.

"Who are you?" he cried.

"I am Lord Wheatley," I answered.

"But did you not fly to the—?" He stopped.

"To the passage," said I. "No, I came here. I was trying to escape. I came in while madame here was asleep, and hid behind the curtain."

"Yes, yes," said she. "It is so, Kortes. It is as he says; and then Vlacho came——"

"And," said I, "when the lady had agreed to go with Vlacho, Vlacho came to the window to call you; and, by misadventure, sir, he came on me behind the curtain. And—won't you see whether he is dead?"

"Kill him, Kortes, kill him!" cried Demetri, fiercely and suddenly, from the window.

Kortes turned round.

"Peace," said he. "The man has yielded. Do I kill men who have yielded? The lady of the island and my Lord Constantine must decide his fate; it is not my office. Are you armed, sir?"

It went to my heart to give up that last treasured shot of mine. But he was treating me as an honorable man. I handed him my revolver, with a bow, saying:

"I depend on you to protect me from that fellow and the rest till you deliver me to those you speak of."

"In my charge you are safe," said Kortes; and he stepped down and lifted the curtain from Vlacho's face. The innkeeper stirred and groaned. He was not dead yet. Kortes turned round to Demetri.

"Stay here and tend him. Do what you can for him. When I am able I will send aid to him. But I do not think he will live."

Demetri scowled. He seemed not to like the part assigned to him.

"Are you going to take this man to my Lord Constantine?" he asked. "Leave another with Vlacho, and let me come with you, my lord."

"Who should better stay with Vlacho than his nephew Demetri?" asked Kortes with a smile. (This relationship was a new light to me.) "I am going to do what my duty is. Come, no questioning. Do not I command, now Vlacho is wounded?"

"And the lady here?" asked Demetri.

"I am not ordered to lay a finger on the

lady," answered Kortes. "Indeed I do not know who she is."

Francesca interposed with great dignity: "I will come with you," said she. "I have my story to tell when this gentleman is put on his trial. Who I am you will know soon."

Demetri had climbed in at the window. He passed me with a savage scowl, and I saw that one side of his head was bound with a blood-stained bandage. He saw me looking at it.

"Aye," he growled. "I owe you the loss of half an ear."

"In the passage?" I hazarded, much pleased.

"I shall pay the debt," said he, "or see it paid handsomely for me by my lord."

"Come," said Kortes, "let us go."

Fully believing that the fact of Kortes being in command instead of Demetri had saved me from instant death, I was not inclined to dispute his orders. I walked out of the house, and took the place he indicated to me in the middle of a line of islanders, some ten or twelve in number. Kortes placed himself by my side, and Madame Stefanopoulos walked on his other hand. The islanders maintained absolute silence. I followed their example. But my heart, I must confess, beat as I waited to see in what direction our column was to march. We started down the hill toward the house. If we were going to the house, I had perhaps twenty minutes to live, and the lady who was with us would not long survive me. In vain I scanned Kortes's comely, grave face. He marched with the impassive regularity of a grenadier, and displayed much the same expressionless steadiness of face. Nearer to the fatal house we came. But my heart gave a sudden leap of hope and excitement, for Kortes cried, softly, "To the right." We turned down the path that led up from the town, leaving the house on the left. We were not going straight to death, and every respite was pregnant with unforeseen chances of escape. I touched Kortes on the shoulder.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To the town," he answered.

Again in silence we pursued our way down the hillside. The path broadened, and the incline became less steep; a few lights twinkled from the sea, that now spread before us. Still we went on. Then I heard the bell of a church strike twelve. The strokes ended, but another bell began to ring. Our escort stopped with one accord. They took off their caps and signed the cross on their breasts. Kortes did the same as the rest. I looked at him in question, but he said nothing till the caps were replaced and we were on our way again. Then he said:

"To-day is the feast of St. Tryphon. Did you not know?"

"No," said I. "St. Tryphon I know, but his feast is not kept always on this day."

"Always on this day in Neopalia," he answered, and he seemed to look at me as though he were asking me some unspoken question.

The feast of St. Tryphon might have interested me very much at any ordinary time, but just now my study of the customs of the islanders had been directed into another channel, and I did not pursue the subject. Kortes walked in silence some little way farther. We had now reached the main road, and were descending rapidly toward the town. I saw again the steep narrow street, empty and still in the moonlight. We held on our way till we came to a rather large square building which stood back from the road, and had thus escaped my notice when we passed it on the evening of our arrival. Before this Kortes stopped. "Here you must lodge with me," said he. "Concerning the lady I have no orders."

Madame Stefanopoulos caught my arm.

"I must stay too," said she. "I cannot go back to my house."

"It is well," said Kortes calmly. "There are two rooms."

The escort ranged themselves outside the building, which now appeared to be either a sort of barrack or place of confinement. We three entered. At a sign from Kortes, Madame Stefanopoulos passed into a large room on the right. I followed him into a smaller room, scantily furnished, and flung myself in exhaustion on a wooden bench that ran along the wall. For an instant Kortes stood regarding me. His face seemed to express hesitation, but the look in his eyes was not unfriendly. The bell, which had continued to ring till now, ceased. Then Kortes said to me in a low voice:

"Take courage, my lord. For a day you are safe. Not even Constantine would dare to kill a man on the feast of St. Tryphon."

And before I could answer he was gone; I heard the bolt of the door run home. I was a prisoner.

Yet I took courage, as he bade me.

Four and twenty hours' life was more than I had been able to count on for some time past. So I also doffed my hat in honor of the holy St. Tryphon. And presently I lifted my legs on the bench, took off my coat, made a pillow of it, and went to sleep.

CHAPTER X.

THE JUSTICE OF THE ISLAND.

HELPLESSNESS brings its own peculiar consolation. After a week's planning and scheming what you will do to the enemy, it is a kind of relief to lie with your arms by your side and wonder what the enemy may be pleased to do to you. This relaxation was vouchsafed to my brain when I awoke in the morning and found the sun streaming into the whitewashed cell-like room. It was the feast of St. Tryphon—all praise to him!—and Kortes said that I could not be killed that day. I doubted Constantine's scruples, yet perhaps he would not venture to outrage the popular sentiment of Neopalia. But nothing forbade my being killed to-morrow. Well, to-morrow is to-morrow, and to-day is to-day, and there will be that difference between them so long as the world lasts. I stretched myself and yawned luxuriously. I was, strangely enough, in a hopeful frame of mind. I made sure that Denny had found his way safely, and that the Cypriote fishermen had been benevolent. I proved to myself that with Constantine's exposure his power would end. I plumed myself on having put Vlacho *hors du combat*. I believe I said to myself that villainy would not triumph, that honest men would come by their own, and that unprotected beauty would find help from heaven; which showed that relics of youth hung about me and (I am afraid it depends on this rather) that I was feeling very well after my refreshing sleep.

Alas! my soothing reveries were rudely interrupted.

> At a touch sweet pleasure melteth,
> Like to bubbles when rain pelteth!

and at the sound of a gruff voice outside my dreams melted, and harsh reality was pressing hard on me again, crushing hope into resignation, buoyancy into a grim resolve to take what came with courage.

"Bring him out," cried the voice.

"It's that brute Demetri," said I to myself, wondering what had become of my friendly jailer, Kortes.

A moment later half a dozen men filed into the room, Demetri at their head. I asked him what he wanted. He answered only with a command that I should get up. "Bring him along," he added to his men; and we walked out into the street.

Evidently Neopalia was *en fête*. The houses were decked with flags; several windows exhibited pictures of the saint; women in their best attire, gay and spotlessly clean, were filing along the road, holding their children by the hand. Everybody made way for our procession, many whispers and pointed fingers proving the interest and curiosity which it was my unwilling privilege to arouse. For about a quarter of a mile we mounted the road, then we turned suddenly down to the left and began to descend again towards the sea. Soon now we arrived at the little church whose bell I had heard. Here we halted; and presently another procession emerged from the building. An old white-bearded man headed it, carrying a large picture of St. Tryphon; the old man's dress was little different from that of the rest of the islanders, but he wore the cap of a priest. He was followed by some attendants, the women and children fell in behind him, three or four cripples brought up the rear, praying as they went and stretching out their hands towards the sacred picture which the old man carried. At a sign from Demetri we also put ourselves in motion again, and the whole body of us thus made for the seashore. But some three hundred yards short of the water I perceived a broad level spot, covered with short rough turf, and surrounded for about half its circuit by a crescent-shaped bank two or three feet high. On this bank sat some twenty people, and grouped round it was the same ragged, picturesque group of armed peasants that I had seen gather in the street on the occasion of our arrival.

(To be continued.)

ST. JOHN LEADING THE VIRGIN MARY FROM THE TOMB. FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM DYCE, R. A.

Presented to the National Gallery, London, in 1894.

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD.—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, HOLMAN HUNT, AND JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.—DYCE A PRECURSOR, MADOX BROWN AN ALLY.—BURNE-JONES AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE GROUP.

By Will H. Low.

PAINTING is like a spiral spring following a circle, ever returning to the same point. But with the progress of technical ability the return to the place of departure has an upward tendency, and the artist recommences, more fully equipped for his world-old task, at a higher point than his predecessor. The nineteenth century has witnessed at least one such return for every period of thirty years. In France—with David, the return to the classic source; with Delacroix, to the freedom of conception inspired by nature; in England—Constable's research of truth in the open air, with its influence on the Continental painters, and about 1850 the Pre-Raphaelite return to the principles of the primitive painters. In Germany there had also been an effort to hark back to purer motives and more primitive forms of art as early as 1820. Friedrich Overbeck may be called the leader of this movement, the followers of which gained the name of Nazarenes. It was influenced as much by religion as by art, and having to do almost exclusively with subjects expressed by slavish subjection of method to that of the early Christian painters, it was without lasting impression on the painting of the century. The Pre-Raphaelite movement in England, with its superficial resemblance to that of the Nazarenes, was, however, distinctly modern. The painters of Italy, from the time when Giotto broke the yoke of the old Byzantine art to the moment when Ra-

THE ANNUNCIATION. FROM A PAINTING BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

This picture was purchased for the National Gallery, London, in 1886. Reproduced by permission of F. Hollyer.

ROSA TRIPLEX. FROM A PAINTING BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Reproduced by permission of F. Hollyer.

phael, in 1508, went to Rome from Florence, had depended on their individual interpretation of nature. Raphael, from an intimate acquaintance with the remains of Greek art formed at Rome, developed a style which was in itself eclectic and which later men adopted. In the course of three centuries the academic ideal had become, and to a degree remains, an impossible blending, to put it roughly, of the form of Michael Angelo, the style of Raphael, and the color of Titian. It was the masters of this pre-Raphaelite period—more specifically, some engravings from the frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli in the Campo Santo at Pisa—which gave form and direction to a group of students in the Royal Academy in 1848.

The leader of this little group was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, born May 12, 1828, at 38 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, London. He was the son of an Italian poet whose patriotism had caused his exile and refuge in London, where he married the daughter of an Italian physician whose wife was of English birth.

Rossetti was therefore more English than his birthplace alone comported, and to whatever degree his art was influenced by that of Italy, he is essentially English in his painting. After a short stage in a private art school, following five years of general education at King's College School, he entered the antique class at the Royal Academy in 1846. He never entered the life class of the Academy, nor there or elsewhere accepted or acquired the groundwork of knowledge of form which long academic study might have given him. About this time he met Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais, and together they virtually formed the confraternity whose mystic initials, P. R. B., were to startle London art two years later. The Pre-Raphaelite brethren added to their numbers four other men—James Collinson, a

painter; Thomas Woolner, a sculptor; the critic F. G. Stephens, and William Michael Rossetti, Dante Gabriel's brother.

A precursor of the new movement, though working undoubtedly in unconscious sympathy, was William Dyce, who died in 1864. Born in Aberdeen in 1806, he had, after studying at home, perfected his education on the Continent. In Rome he made the acquaintance of Overbeck, and his work, somewhat akin to that of the "Nazarenes," was largely modelled on that of Perugino and the young Raphael—before the latter went to Rome and developed his magistral style. Dyce, however, had too much the temperament of an artist to be overcome by influences such as this, and his work remains fresh and original—more like a contemporary than a follower of the Umbrian masters. His series of frescoes in the Houses of Parliament count among the best in that not altogether successful attempt at decorative art; and the "St. John leading the Virgin Mary from the Tomb," in the National Gallery, is a work sincere in sentiment, with a subdued harmony of color nowhere observable in the arid productions of Overbeck or Schnorr. He was, moreover, equipped with a solid foundation of education in art, which enabled him to draw and paint as few English painters of his time could do.

This ignorance of the *trade* of the painter, if one can thus translate that useful French word *métier*, was to be a serious stumbling-block to more than one of the P. R. B.; but for the moment, at the exhibition of 1849, the triad of painters threw down their gauntlets like a trinity of Galahads, strong because their faith was pure and their purpose earnest. Rossetti sent his picture, "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," to the free exhibition afterwards known as the Portland Gallery; and Holman Hunt his "Rienzi," and John Everett Millais his "Lorenzo and Isabella," to the Royal Academy. These works were looked at with interest divided with derision, as were their pictures of the following year, one of which was the "Annunciation" by Rossetti, reproduced herewith. The third year the storm broke about their heads. Their pictures were even removed from the exhibition, to quell the excitement. The critics assailed them, their ally Stephens replied, and the younger Rossetti wrote in defence of their principles. In 1850 a little periodical, entitled "The Germ," appeared as the organ of the brotherhood. Four numbers only were published, which are now eagerly sought by collectors. In 1851 John Ruskin espoused their cause, and in succinct phrase defined their principles. "To paint nature as it is around them, with the help of modern science," was his explanation; and so truly do the circling years bring us back to the starting point that, with nearly half a century of interval, the same motto is inscribed on the banner of new-born impressionism. The end of the two schools is the same; the means are very different. Starting from a point of insufficient education (perhaps in that condition of absolute *naïveté* which many painters newly converted to the new beliefs profess to envy), the study of nature with the Pre-Raphaelites was without direction: the painful erection of the coral insect bit by bit, detail added to detail, without a comprehensive grasp of the whole and due relation of one part to the other. The Impressionists, on the contrary, grasp the horns of the dilemma at the other end. Their endeavor is to see nature as a whole, to subordinate detail; and their recourse to "modern science" in the division of rays of color, though felt and groped for by the Pre-Raphaelites, is much more decided, as befits the progress which has been made in the study of the laws of color since 1850.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement was undoubtedly the fruit of the poetic spirit which, ineffectually stifled at the death of Keats, now sprung up anew. This spirit, seeking means of expression, followed the immutable laws of art, and sought the protean source of nature. Greater veracity in landscape painting was, as we have seen, a generation old, but the figure painters lagged behind. Two of the three men who bore the brunt of the fray, Rossetti and Holman Hunt, were innocent of academical training. The third, Millais, was a prize student of the Academy, and so essentially a student that his whole connection with the movement was but a transitory stage in his development. Never, therefore, was a revolution started by men less prepared with weapons, and the few works produced which can be classed as belonging to Pre-Raphaelitism pure and simple, are more worthy in intention than in execution. The intention, however, was so evident that the never severely critical public of England were at once interested.

Two admirable results followed: First, the younger painters were influenced to return to nature; and, secondly, sentiment

CHRIST WASHING ST. PETER'S FEET. FROM A PAINTING BY FORD MADOX BROWN.

This painting was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1852, and is now in the National Gallery, London.

displaced anecdote as subject for pictures. The disciples of the school in many cases commenced as did the founders, with a painful registration of detail; honest facts reproduced without order or sequence. But, with few exceptions, those whose talent and training were strong rose above this somewhat servile attitude, and their art, the art of England in general, made a distinct advance. Though lacking the *métier* which is almost the common property of the French painters, they had from the beginning a personal expression which school could not have given them, and which possibly school might have stifled. The tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind, doubtless inherited from some foggy ancestor in the North, to be obscure and involved, to confuse thought which can be expressed by painting with thought which should be expressed by writing, often marred their work, and there an infusion of Gallic clarity would not have come amiss. By the public which they addressed, however, this was rather accounted a virtue, even as a tendency to obscurity in Browning has its stanch defenders.

As literature was one of the mainstays of the school, Rossetti's pictures were often appropriately accompanied by sonnets. Holman Hunt's more prosaic art was reënforced by pamphlets—one a tract of twelve pages; and though Millais's lightly renounced allegiance to the cult found it unnecessary to make such personal profession of faith, others did it for him, and from Ruskin's vivid English down through the list of the younger writers of the time literature stood champion for the new art. The art in turn repaid the service; for all of that splendid school of illustrators, which commenced with the drawings made for an edition of Tennyson by the brother-

THE SCAPEGOAT. FROM A PAINTING BY W. HOLMAN HUNT.

The original painting is now in the possession of W. Cuthbert Quilter, Esq., M. P. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1856. "And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited."—LEVITICUS xvi, 22.

hood, and continued through the "Cornhill Magazine" and "Punch" down to this day, when fortunately the latter periodical still possesses Du Maurier, were tinctured with the spirit of the Pre-Raphaelites.

This would suggest that the spirit had become, at even an early date, somewhat diffused, and such in fact was the case. As though with the decision of youth, their first assertion was over-emphatic, as early as 1852 they sought to welcome within their fold Ford Madox Brown, a painter of as thorough training as the best schools of the time could give. The honor of election to the brotherhood Madox Brown declined, though in apparent contradiction to this refusal is the fact that, with the exception of Holman Hunt, he was the most consistent exponent of their doctrines throughout life. It would seem, therefore, that the best expression of the spirit of the P. R. B. was, to speak critically, given by two men, Dyce and Madox Brown, who were respectively before and after the founders of the brotherhood. This opinion bears simply on the technical side of their work; for of the romantic spirit which had an equal part in the new movement Dyce had none, and Madox Brown but little. It is significant that both these men were of Continental training, and while rejecting all post-Raphaelistic formulæ, they had in common the advantage of a more thorough artistic education than was then obtainable in England; even Millais, a prize student, did not possess it.

Ford Madox Brown was born in France, at Calais, of English parents, April 16, 1821. He passed all his early life on the Continent; first in Belgium, following at Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, in succession, the studies of the schools of art. In Paris, where he passed three years, from 1841 to 1844, and in Rome, where he went in 1845, he continued to study. His first picture which attracted general attention, "The Last of England," was exhibited in London in 1852. It depicts a young man and woman, emigrants of a refined type, gazing sadly at the receding shores of their country. It has, in common with the works of the P. R. B., a remarkable degree of detail, every accessory object represented having some bearing on the elucidation of the story of the picture. The painter's technical power is, however, sufficient to keep the minor details in due subjection, and the picture was accepted both by the brotherhood and the public as a triumphal exposition of the soundness of the principles of the new school.

The same year (1852) Brown exhibited at

the Royal Academy "Christ washing St. Peter's Feet," here reproduced. This picture, since the death of the painter, October 11, 1893, has been placed in the National Gallery. It entitles Madox Brown to a place among the best of the painters of his time, being the product of a virile mind, deeply penetrated with the sentiment of his subject and technically equipped to render his vision.

Madox Brown, however, never enjoyed widespread reputation. Some time after his return to England he was intrusted with a series of decorations for the town hall of Manchester, which, working in the spirit of the early painters, occupied him for many years. This kept him aloof from exhibitions, though in 1865 a large collection of his studies and pictures was exhibited at a gallery in Piccadilly. In 1891 a subscription was started among the painters and amateurs of England to commission him to paint a picture especially for the National Gallery. At his death, two years later, the picture was not completed, and the money subscribed, four thousand five hundred dollars, was used to purchase the "Christ washing St. Peter's Feet."

To Madox Brown the young Rossetti turned for counsel in 1848, and the best of his little store of technical knowledge came from this association with the well-trained painter. The richly endowed nature of Rossetti would have been in all probability restive under any system of art education, for to him the thought of the picture was paramount. The system which he accepted at first, of sincere reliance on nature, gave to his early pictures, like the "Annunciation," the *naïve* charm of the primitive masters. But this was soon swept away by his sensuous love of decorative color, and in his later works we feel the influence of the Venetian painters to a marked degree. Through all his work as a poet and painter, Rossetti kept a strongly personal character; and though, in point of fact, he had little of the "earnestness of the men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries," for which Ruskin praised him and his followers, in the sense of adherence to nature, he avoided still more the mannerisms current in the art of his predecessors. Of his life, which in busy London was at times that of a recluse; of his romantic marriage, the early death of his wife, and the

THE SIXTH DAY. ONE OF A SERIES OF PAINTINGS SYMBOLIZING THE DAYS OF CREATION, BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.

Reproduced by permission of F. Hollyer.

somewhat unpleasant story of the placing of his manuscript poems in her coffin, from whence they were recovered in 1870 for publication, there is no space to write now. Withdrawing almost entirely from public exhibition, a man morbid, and in his later days driven by physical pain to the abuse of narcotics, Rossetti continued to his death (April 9, 1882) to exercise a strong influence on English art. Strange mannerisms of drawing, quaint charm of composition, and deep harmonious though somewhat cloying color, were the chief characteristics of his later work. Ill-health and a progressive interest in poetry, rather than painting, made him avoid the execution of compositions of importance during his later years, though the "Dante's Dream" of 1870 is of that character. The greater part of his work of this period, however, consisted of half-length figures of women, generally heroines of old romance, of which the "Rosa Triplex" in these pages is a fairly good example.

John Everett Millais, as has been hinted already, was simply a bird of passage in the artistic choir of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Holman Hunt, however, has never departed from his early faith; and only last summer, in the International Art Exhibition in Venice, the painter, now nearly seventy years old, reasserted the convictions of his art as strenuously as when at his majority he joined the P. R. B. To-day, to speak frankly, with the progress which has been made in the direction which these men indicated, albeit this progress has been accomplished through other and more scientific means, work which, like Hunt's, is accomplished by a painful study of detail, seems lacking not only in freshness through over-elaboration, but in directness as well. It is artistically infirm, like a phrase spelt out letter by letter by a mute, instead of the clear expression of well-chosen words. Conviction as sincere as that of Holman Hunt, however, is rare, and when it is joined, as in his case, to great technical ability of a self-taught nature and to imagination which, if prosaic, is extremely genuine, the man is well worth study.

The life of William Holman Hunt, from the period of his birth in London, April 6, 1827, is comprised chiefly in the titles of the works he has executed and in the mention of the arduous journeys which he has made to seek the local truths which are the foundation of his pictures. In the main, his subjects have been inspired by the Bible. In the portrayal of these themes, Syria and Egypt have been visited many times. He has lived for long periods at Jerusalem, and in the "Scapegoat," which is printed here, much of the impressiveness of the picture is given by the background carefully painted from nature on the dreary border of the Dead Sea. This picture, which has not escaped ridicule on the part of the irreverent, touches upon the verge of the pictorially impossible, and is, for that reason, typical of the danger of confounding the written with the painted thought. In the original picture, aided by its color perhaps, there is, however, a poignant sentiment which is fairly convincing; and there can be no question that, however much one may quarrel with the method employed in its rendering, it is painted with mastery, and is as it is because the painter so willed it.

Of Sir Edward Burne-Jones much has been written, and many of his pictures, through reproduction, are familiar. A later comer to the camp of Rossetti, he has achieved a success which is almost popular. To him belongs the credit of having widened the sphere of influence of the Pre-Raphaelites, and of having induced a public which in the main was inclined to scoff, to remain and pray at the altar of gently mystic æstheticism. His ethereal beings, not too ascetically Christian nor too indecorously pagan, mark the happy medium of an art which scorns the realism of to-day, denies the existence of sun or atmosphere, and yet, through types of heads, partly through an expression of discontent with recent and dearly bought victories, remains modern. Lacking the robust fibre which, despite an exotic hot-house bloom, was at the root of Rossetti's art, with none of the honest painstaking of Holman Hunt, with less of the primitive spirit than Dyce, and inferior in virility of imagination and training to Madox Brown (we may omit Millais as simply an interesting accidental sojourner with the group), Burne-Jones represents the eclecticism which the years foster. He combines many of the merits of the P. R. B. and avoids many of their faults. Strict adherence to their teachings could hardly bring another result than is seen in Burne-Jones, and which is admirable. But their best influence has been less direct; the return to nature which they influenced, has borne a flower which they might not recognize, but which is nevertheless their own, since through their efforts "most can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed."

MARK TWAIN'S BIRTHPLACE, FLORIDA, MO.

From a photograph by Marion M. Berry, Monroe City, Mo.

PORTRAITS OF MARK TWAIN.

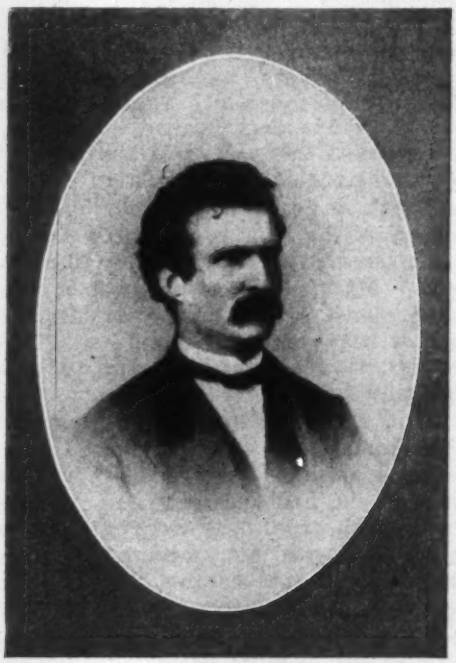
WHEN a few months ago, because of the failure of a publishing house in which he was a partner, Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") set out to traverse the whole width of America and the Pacific Ocean, into Australia, on a two years' lecturing tour, it was generally remarked as a hard necessity—at his time of life. He had turned, or was just turning, sixty; and while sixty, for men of fair physical endowment, is by no means old, it is still an age at which most men would more than shrink from such an enterprise. To Mark Twain, however, it probably seemed no very considerable matter, for he has been a wide journeyer all his life. While born at Florida, Missouri (November 30, 1835), he was reared at Hannibal, Missouri, on the banks of the Mississippi; at thirteen he became apprenticed to a printer, and during the next few years, in pursuit of his craft, he wandered to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and even New York. Then he became a pilot on the Mississippi River. Thus much going to and fro Mark Twain had accomplished while yet a youth. In 1861 he went to Nevada; a few years later to California, and finally to the Sandwich Islands. First he served as clerk to his brother, the Secretary of the Territory of Nevada; then he was a newspaper reporter and editor; he ventured unsuccessfully in mining, and not unsuccessfully in lecturing. From the Sandwich Islands he began to work eastward again, and in 1867 reached New York, and published his first book, "The Jumping Frog and other Sketches," and then set out on that tour of Europe which yielded the material for "Innocents Abroad."

"Innocents Abroad" was published in 1869, and since then Mark Twain's humor has been a wine that needed no bush. In three years the book sold to the number of one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies. Mark Twain is sometimes reputed to be a reluctant worker; he at least has not been an eager publisher. Even the success of "Innocents Abroad" did not tempt him to press again for several years. Then he put forth "Roughing It"; and a year later, in conjunction with Charles Dudley Warner, "The Gilded Age." By this time he had married, and "settled down" at Hartford, Connecticut. But the settling down was nominal merely. He became a professional lecturer, and travelled widely winter after winter. Then he went often to Europe, making long sojourns there. Consequently, setting off at sixty on a lecturing tour to Australia, was for him little more than a resumption of the habit of a life.

It is not for the public, however, to repine when Mark Twain is forced to undertake a new journey; for his journeys have been largely the occasion of his books. To the list of these he added, in 1876, "Adventures of Tom Sawyer"; in 1880, "A Tramp Abroad"; in 1884, "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn"; in 1889, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur;" since which have come "The Prince and the Pauper," "Pudd'n Head Wilson," and "Joan of Arc." The last was first published anonymously, and only within a few weeks has been authentically announced as his.

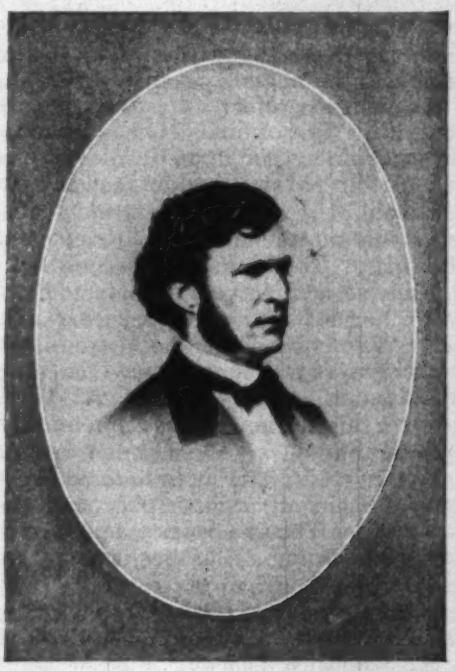
Mark Twain is one of two representatives in permanent literature of a now all but extinct, but in its day a most picturesque and interesting, class—the itinerant printers. The "tramp" printer, who still exists in some degree, is but a degenerate and rude survival of this class, and gives no true impression of what the class was in its best estate. The older race, with whom it was a point of honor to abide nowhere for long, were men of singular cleverness and ingenuity of mind. They *read* the matter they put into type, which the printer of to-day seems rarely to do; and thus, and by observation on their wide travels, they became a race of philosophers. They could write for the papers on which they served, as well as set type; and much of the wit and wisdom of the newspaper columns was of their contribution. Most of their writing was for the day; but in the case of Mark Twain it developed, by slow degrees, to the quality of literature. And it did the same in the case of Walt Whitman. To the strict vocation of printer, indeed, Mark Twain gave only a few years, and these of his youth; but his way of life and his attitude toward life have ever remained in spirit those of the old roving fraternity of the "stick."

Men of information and ideas, these old printers were; but, of course, they were in no sense men of the study. And herein, again, Mark Twain is of their kind. He is a man of literary cultivation, and even, it is said, in some measure a scholar; and, in writing his books, he sweats at a desk, and pulls his hair, after the fashion of the strict man-of-letters. But for all that he is a man who lives and experiences, rather than one who conceives and records; and all accounts agree that he is even better entertainment in private life than on the platform or in his books. Either where, however, he is so good—so free and gracious and wholesome—that one may hope he will live until the series of his portraits has become twice as long as the by no means meagre one presented here.



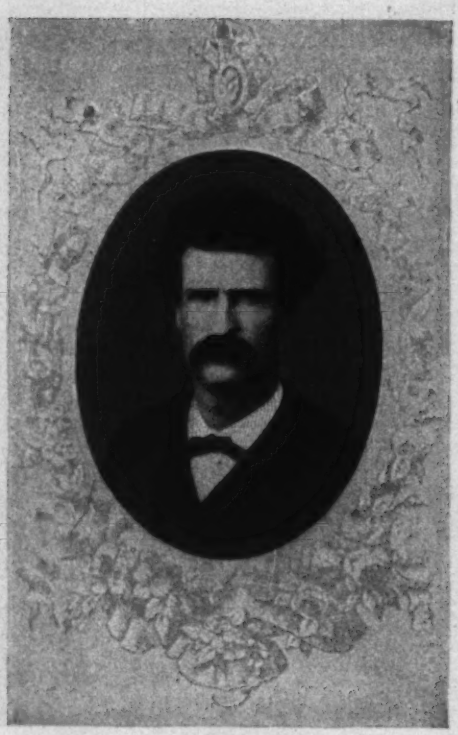
MARK TWAIN IN 1868. AGE 33.

From a photograph by Edouart, San Francisco, Cal.; by permission of S. E. Moffett, San Francisco.



MARK TWAIN IN 1870. AGE 35.

From a photograph by Edouart, San Francisco, Cal.; by permission of Emily R. Schmidt, Hannibal, Mo.

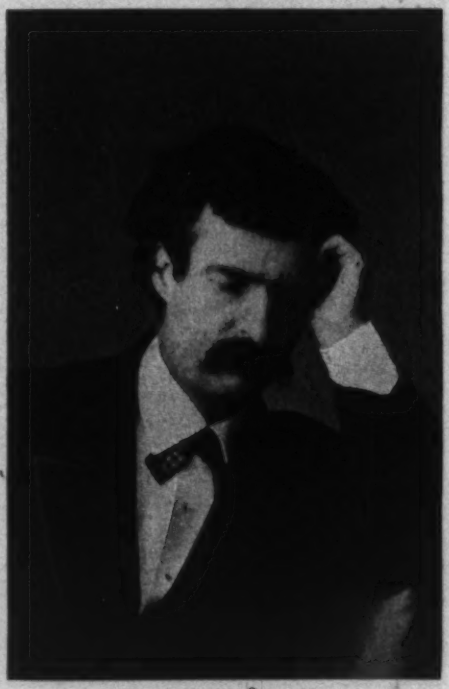


MARK TWAIN IN 1867. AGE 32.

From a photograph by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople; by permission of S. E. Moffett, San Francisco.

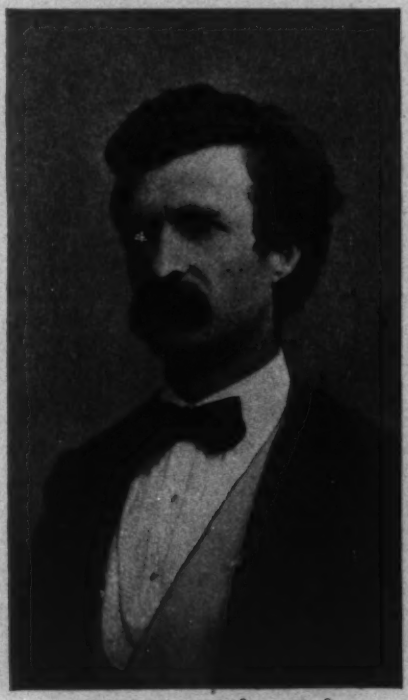
JOSH BILLINGS, MARK TWAIN, AND PETROLEUM V. NASBY, IN 1868.

From a photograph taken by H. J. Smith, in 1868; by permission of S. E. Moffett, San Francisco.



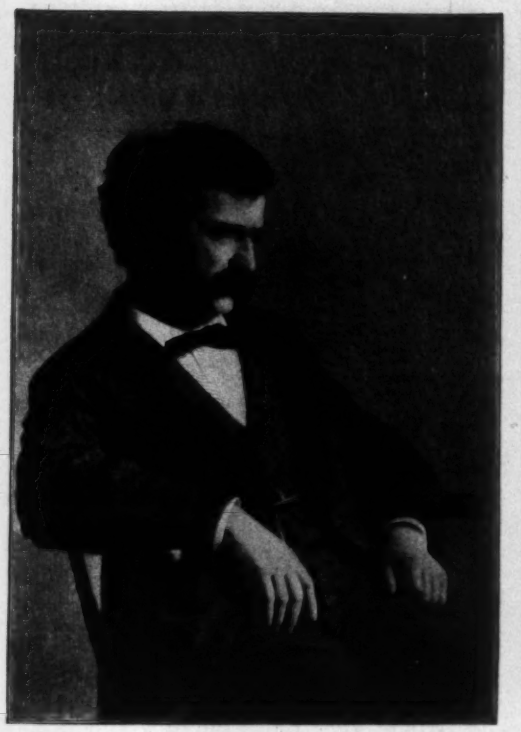
MARK TWAIN IN 1872. AGE 37.

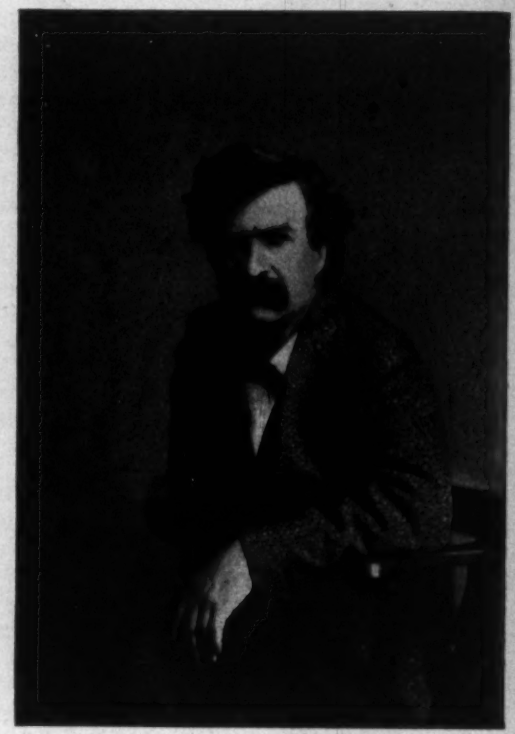
From a photograph by W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton; by permission of S. E. Moffett, San Francisco.

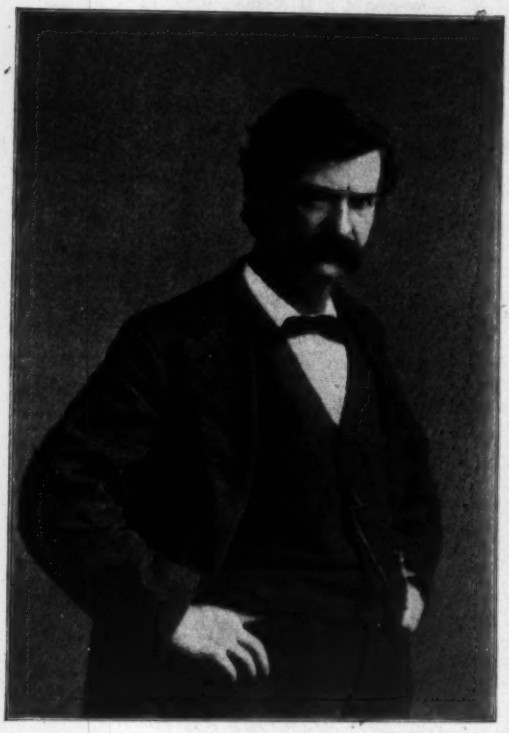


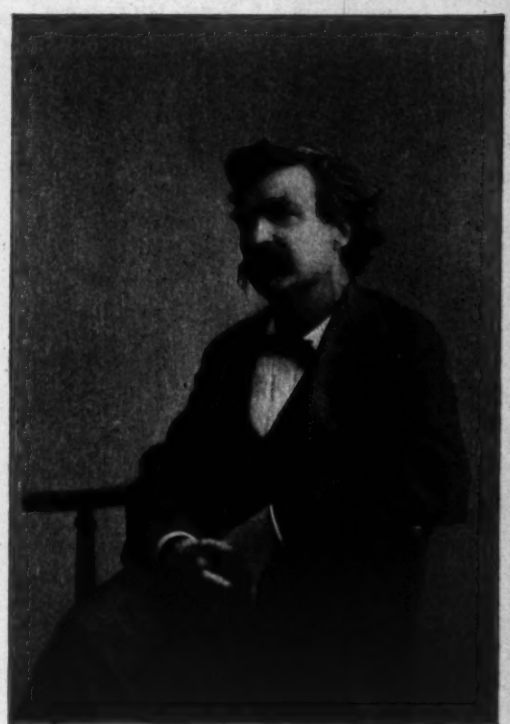
MARK TWAIN ABOUT 1873. AGE 38.

From a photograph by Gurney, New York; by permission of Davis Garber, New York.



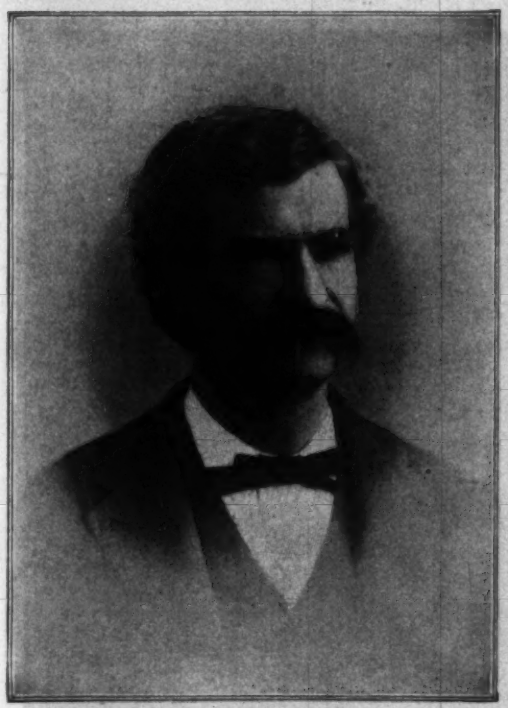






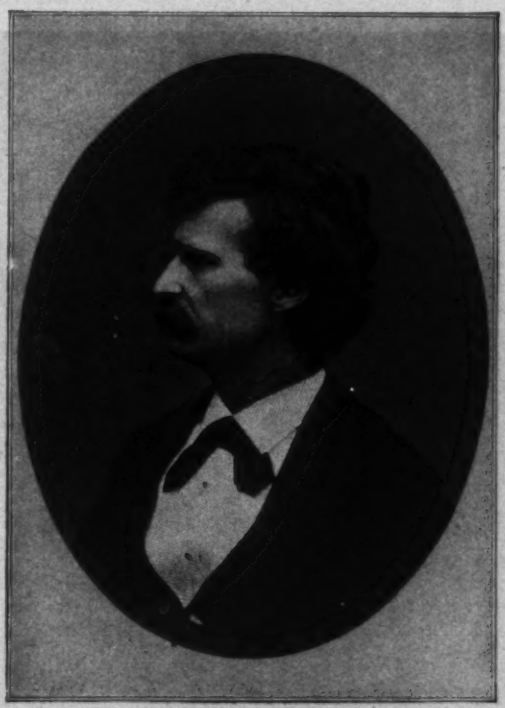
MARK TWAIN ABOUT 1884. AGE 49.

The four portraits shown on this page were taken at the same time, by Horace L. Bundy, Hartford, Conn.



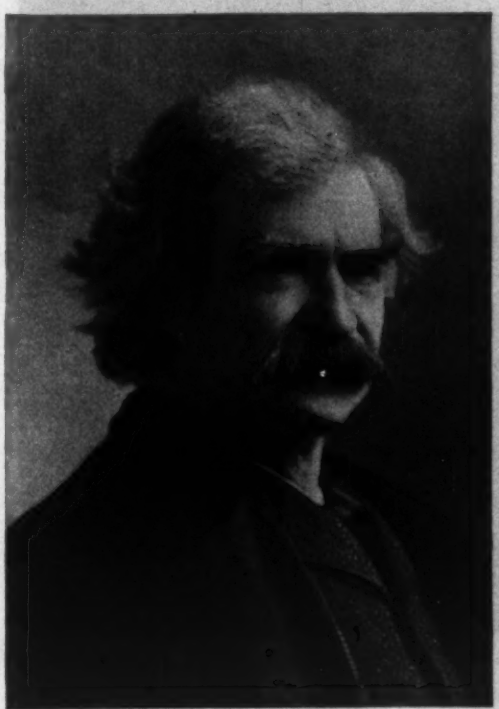
MARK TWAIN IN FEBRUARY, 1885. AGE 49.

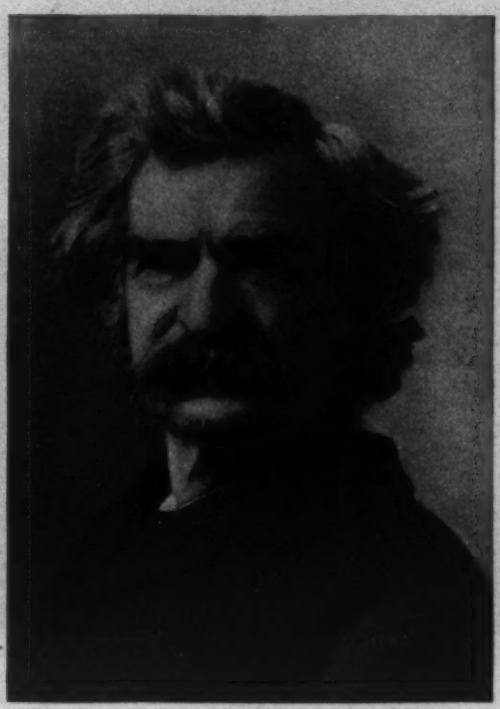
From a photograph by Ringgold, Quincy, Ill.; by permission of S. E. Moffett, San Francisco.



MARK TWAIN ABOUT 1886. AGE 51.

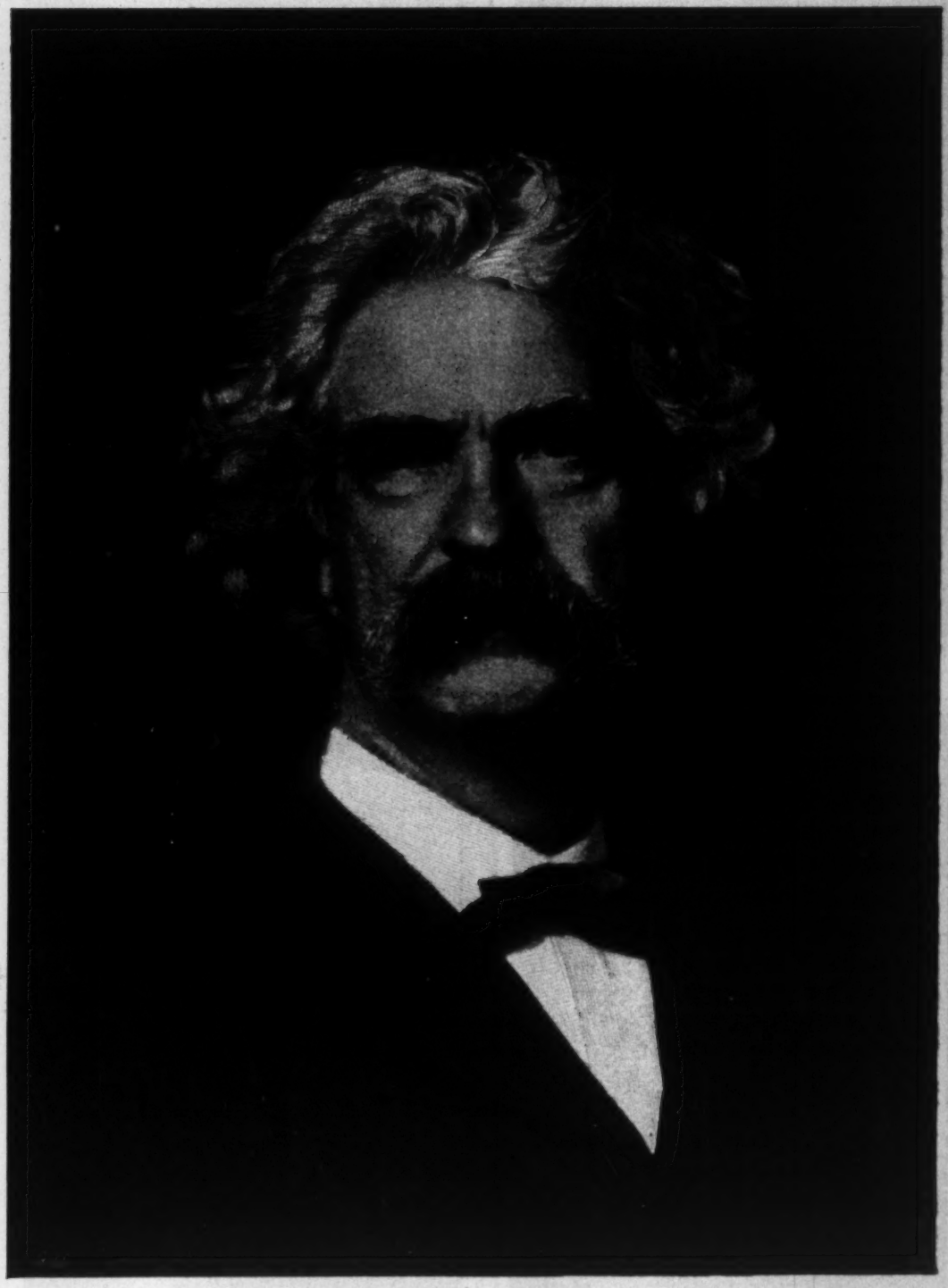
From a photograph by Warren, Boston, Mass.; by permission of S. E. Moffett, San Francisco.





MARK TWAIN IN 1894. AGE 59.

These two portraits were taken by Sarony, New York, at the same time.



MARK TWAIN AT THE PRESENT TIME.

From a photograph, by Falk & Co., taken at Sydney, Australia, and here reproduced by the courtesy of "The Book Buyer."
This is Mark Twain's latest portrait.

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

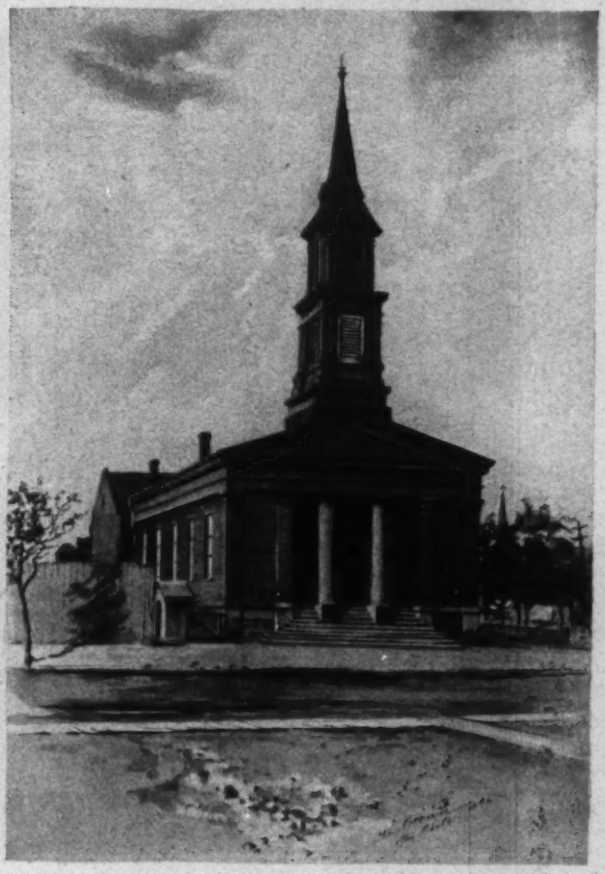
By Ida M. Tarbell.

CONCLUSION OF LINCOLN'S TERM IN CONGRESS.—FIDELITY TO FRIENDS CAUSES LINCOLN TO LOSE THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE.—REFUSES THE GOVERNORSHIP OF OREGON.—DECIDES TO GIVE HIS WHOLE ATTENTION TO LAW.—LINCOLN'S LIFE IN SPRINGFIELD.—ADOPTS A PLAN OF SELF-CULTURE.

THE first impression of slavery which Abraham Lincoln received was in his childhood days in Kentucky. So great an evil did his father and mother hold it, that to escape it they were willing to leave their Kentucky home and move to a free State. Thus their boy's first notion of the institution was that it was something to flee from.

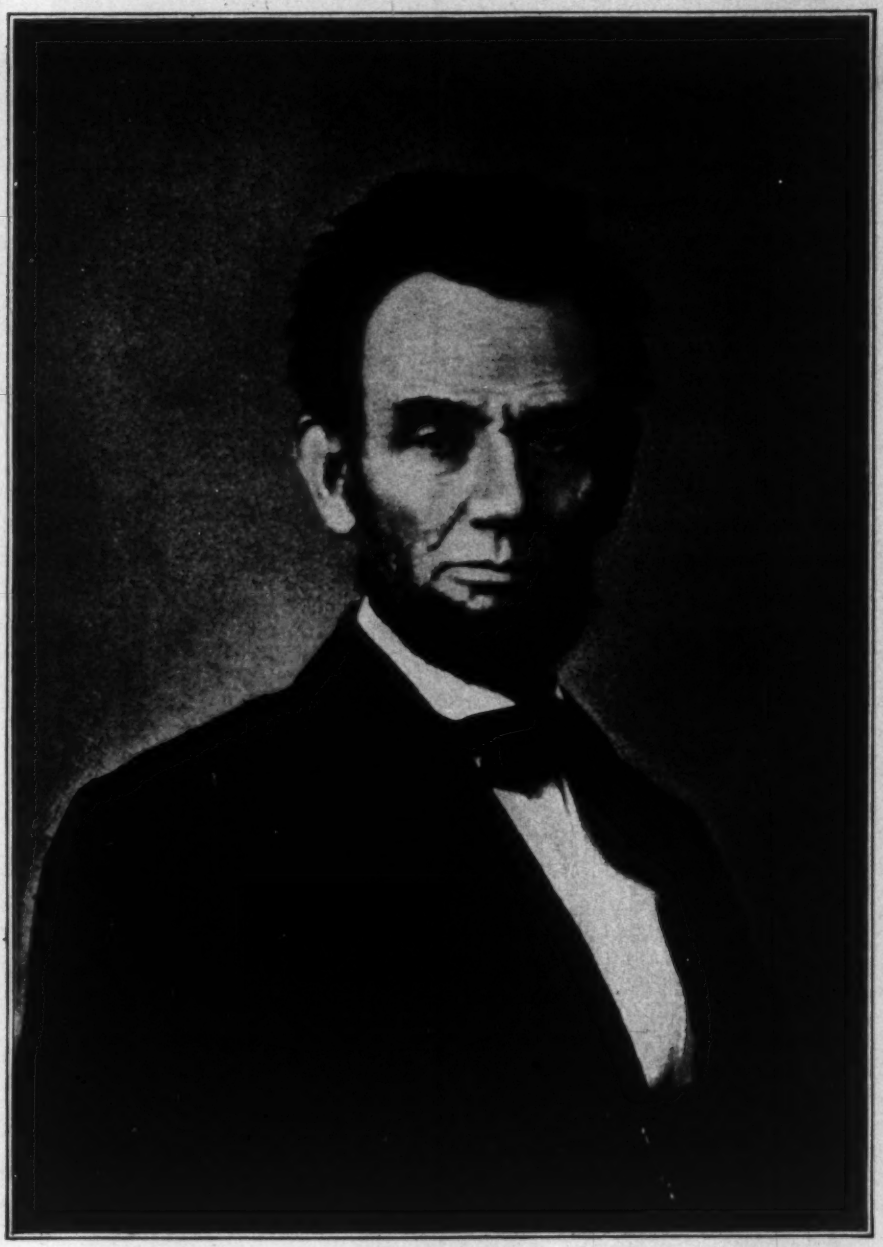
In his new home in Indiana the lad heard the debate on slavery go on. When he removed from Indiana into Illinois, he continued to hear it. In his trip in 1831 to New Orleans he saw slavery in its most terrible feature. As a young legislator he found the citizens of his town, and his fellows in the legislature, ready to condemn as "dangerous agitators" those who dared call it an evil; even saw them secretly sympathize with outlawry against Abolitionists. So keenly did he feel the danger of the attitude of the Illinois Assembly on the question, that in 1837 he was one of the two members of the body who alone were willing publicly to declare "that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy."

From time to time, as he travelled on the Mississippi and the Ohio, he saw its effects: runaway slaves, underground railway stations, masters and men tracking negroes, the occasional capture of a man or woman to be taken back to the South, trials of fugitives—all the features common in those years, particularly in the States bordering on bond territory. In 1847 he was



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, ATTENDED BY LINCOLN.

From a photograph recently taken for this magazine. This edifice was built in 1842–43 (supplanting an older building), and was the First Presbyterian Church until 1870. Here the Lincoln family had a pew, and Mr. Lincoln was an occasional attendant. The building, now occupied by the German Lutherans, still stands. It was in this church that Mr. Lincoln delivered an address before the Springfield Bible Society sometime during the forties. Mr. James C. Conkling, who is still living at Springfield, was present. "Lincoln took his place in the pulpit," says Mr. Conkling, "and spoke at some length on the Bible. When he had finished, he came down and slid into the seat with me. He was somewhat puzzled to understand why he had been selected to talk about the Bible. 'I don't know why on earth,' he whispered, 'they got me to make this kind of a speech unless it was to milk the Gentiles.'"—*J. McCan Davis.*



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From a photograph published by E. & H. T. Anthony in 1865, and kindly loaned by J. Eastman Chase of Boston, Massachusetts.

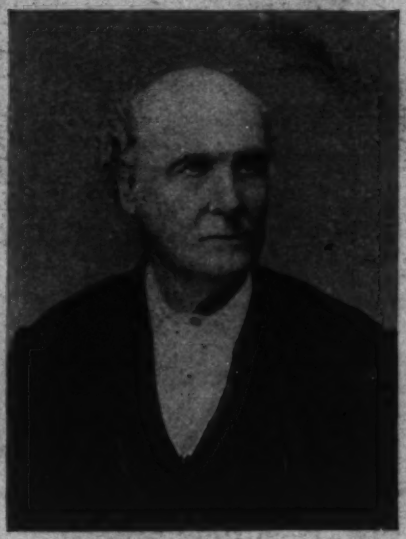
even engaged to defend a slave-owner's claim, a case which he lost, the negro being allowed to go free.

It was not until 1844 and 1845, however, that the matter became, by the annexation of Texas, an important element in his political life. When in 1847 he went to Congress, it was already evident that the Mexican War would be settled by the acquisition of large new territory. What was to be done with it? The North had tried to forestall the South by the "Wilmot Proviso," declaring that whatever territory was acquired should be free forever. From first to last Lincoln voted for it. "I may venture to say that I voted for it at least forty times during the short time I was there," he said in after years.

At the close of his first session in Con-

gress* Lincoln went to New England to make a series of campaign speeches for General Taylor, the Whig candidate for President. Such was the temper he met in New England in 1848, and such its influence upon him, that he said to Seward—with whom he had spoken in Tremont Temple, Boston: "Governor Seward, I have been thinking about what you said in your speech. I reckon you are right. We have got to deal with this slavery question, and got to give much more attention to it hereafter than we have been doing."

The realization that a question ought to be solved always impelled Lincoln to attempt its solution; and when in December, two months after his visit to New England, he went back to Washington for the second session of the Thirtieth Congress, he had resolved to do something regarding slavery. He seems to have seen but two things at that moment which could constitutionally be done. The first was to allow the slave-holder no more ground than he had; to accomplish this he continued to vote for the Wilmot Proviso. The second was to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. Over ten years before, in 1837, Lincoln had declared, in the Assembly of Illinois, that the Congress of the United States had the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised unless at the request of the people of the District. When he went to Washington in 1847 he found a condition of things which made him feel that Congress ought to exercise the power it had. There had existed for years in the city a slave market: "a sort of negro livery stable, where droves of negroes were collected, temporarily kept, and finally taken to Southern markets, precisely like droves of horses," Lincoln said in describing it in later years; and this frightful place was in view from the windows of the Capitol. Morally and intellectually shocked and irritated by this spectacle, Lincoln brooded over it until now, in the second session of his term, he decided to ask that Congress exercise the power he had affirmed ten years before belonged to it, and on January 16, 1849, he drew up and presented a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, "with the consent of the voters of the District and with compensation to owners."



JUDGE JOSEPH GILLESPIE.

From a photograph loaned by Mrs. Josephine Gillespie Prickett. Joseph Gillespie was born in New York City in 1809, and moved to Illinois in 1819. There he studied law and began to practise in 1837. In 1840 he was elected a member of the General Assembly, and renewed a friendship with Lincoln which had begun in the Black Hawk War, through which Gillespie served. In 1847 he was elected to the State Senate, where he remained eight years. From 1861 to 1873 he was on the Circuit Court bench. He died in 1886. Judge Gillespie was throughout life a stanch Whig and a strong supporter of Lincoln. He was also a friend of Mr. Cyrus Edwards, whom he regarded as his preceptor. When the trouble between Edwards and Lincoln occurred in 1849 over the General Land Office, Gillespie was the confidant of each and did his best to heal the breach. He did not succeed until 1860, when Mr. Lincoln was nominated for President. Then Edwards promised Gillespie to "bury the hatchet with Lincoln." This he did, even running on the same ticket for the State Legislature. Gillespie was at this time the Republican candidate for Congress. The information for this note was furnished by the daughter of Judge Gillespie, Mrs. Josephine Gillespie Prickett of Edwardsville, Illinois.

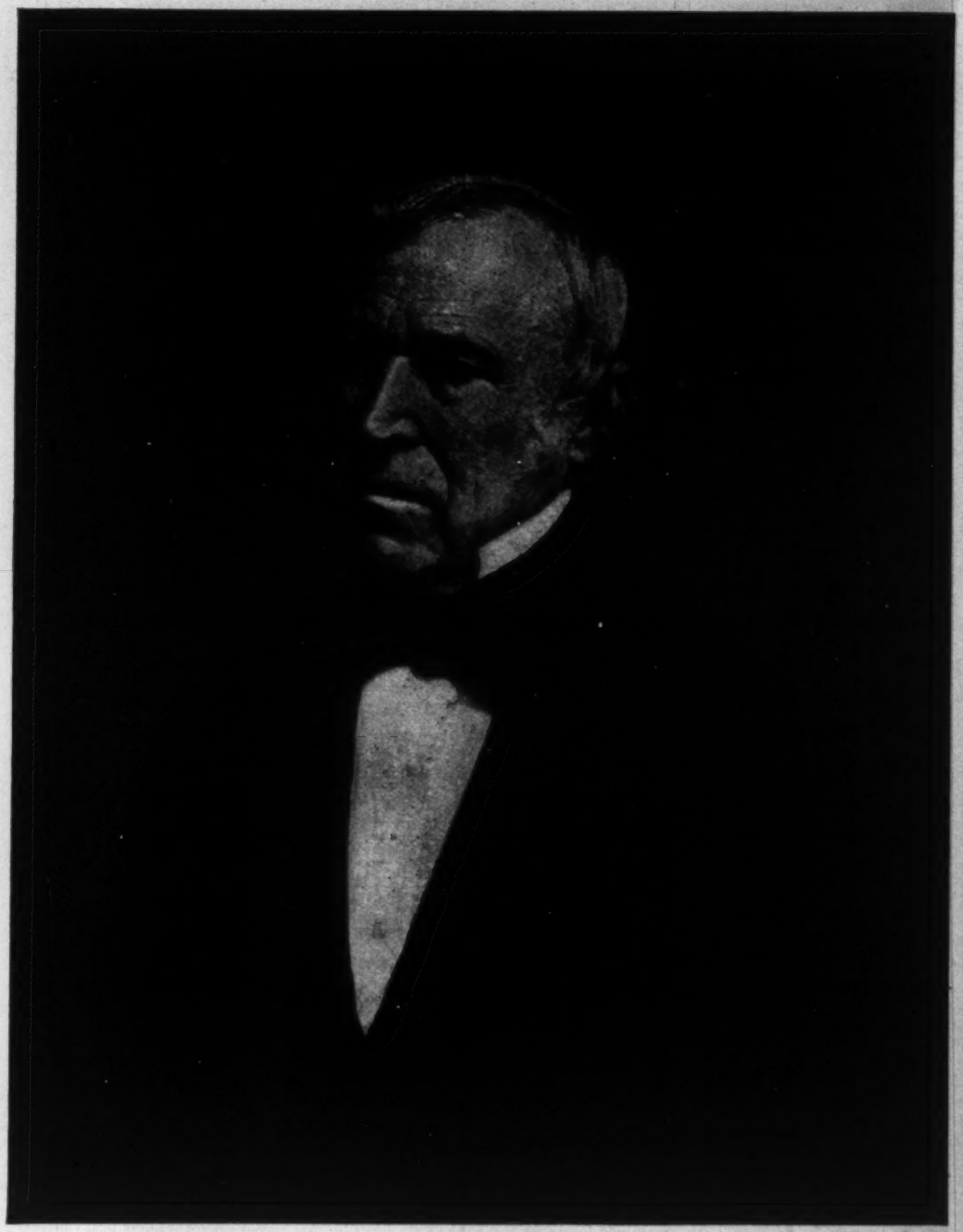
The bill caused a noise in the House, but came to naught, as indeed at that date any similar bill was bound to do. It showed, however, more plainly than anything Lincoln had done so far in Congress his fearlessness when his convictions were aroused. Even so extreme an Abolitionist as Joshua R. Giddings approved of the bill.

LINCOLN RETURNS TO SPRINGFIELD.

The inauguration of Taylor on March 4, 1849, ended Lincoln's congressional career. The principle, "turn about is fair play," which he had insisted on in 1846 when working for the nomination for himself, he regarded as quite as applicable now.

It was not because he did not desire to return to Congress that I made the declaration that I would not be a candidate

* See McClure's Magazine for May.



ZACHARY TAYLOR, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FROM 1849 TO 1853.

From a carbon reproduction, by Sherman & McHugh of New York City, of a daguerreotype in the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq., through whose courtesy it is here published.

again," he wrote Herndon in January, 1848, "more from a wish to deal fairly with others, to keep peace among our friends, and to keep the district from going to the enemy, than from any cause personal to myself; so that if it should happen that nobody else wishes to be elected, I could not refuse the people the right of sending me again. But to enter myself as a competitor of others, or to authorize anyone so to enter me, is what my word and honor forbid."

And yet he was not willing to leave public life. The term in Washington had

only increased his fondness for politics. It had given him, too, a touch of that fever for public office from which so few men who have served in Congress ever entirely recover. The Whigs owed much to him, and there was a general disposition to gratify any reasonable ambition he might have. "I believe that, so far as the Whigs in Congress are concerned, I could have the General Land Office almost by common consent," he wrote Speed; "but then Sweet and Don Morrison and Browning and Cyrus Edwards all want it, and what is worse, while I think I could easily take it myself, I fear I shall have trouble to get it for any other man in Illinois."

Although he feared his efforts would be useless, he pledged his support to his friend,

JUSTIN BUTTERFIELD, LINCOLN'S COMPETITOR FOR THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Justin Butterfield, one of the great lawyers of the early days in Illinois, was born at Keene, New Hampshire, in 1790; was educated at Williams College, taught school, and in 1812 was admitted to the bar. He practised law at Adams, Jefferson County, New York, at Watertown, at Sackett's Harbor, and at New Orleans, Louisiana. In 1835 he removed to Chicago, where he became at once the acknowledged leader of the bar. In 1841 he was appointed United States District Attorney for the District of Illinois. In 1849 President Taylor appointed him Commissioner of the General Land Office. This was the office which Mr. Lincoln sought at that time. Lincoln had the indorsement of practically all the Whig members of Congress, but Mr. Butterfield's good fortune in having the friendship of Daniel Webster appears to have gotten him the appointment, although his victory has been attributed to his "superior despatch in reaching Washington by the northern route." Mr. Butterfield held the office until disabled by paralysis in 1852. He died in Chicago in 1855.—*J. McCan Davis.*

Cyrus Edwards. While Lincoln was looking after his interests, a candidate appeared who was most objectionable to the Whigs, General Justin Butterfield.* Lincoln did all he could to defeat Butterfield save the one thing necessary—ask the position for himself. This he would not do until he learned that Edwards had no chance. Then he applied; but it was too late. Butterfield had secured the office while Lincoln had been holding back.†

Lincoln declared that he had no regrets about the way the General Land Office went, but, if he had not, his Whig friends in Washington had. They determined to do something for him, and in the summer of 1849 summoned him to the capital to urge him to accept the governorship of Oregon. The Ter-

*The following letter, which has never before been published, shows how Lincoln felt about Butterfield's pretensions to the General Land Office. This letter is owned by Mrs. Josephine G. Prickett, Judge Gillespie's daughter, and is here reproduced by her courtesy:

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, *May* 19, 1849.

DEAR GILLESPIE: Butterfield will be Commissioner of the General Land Office, unless prevented by strong and speedy efforts. Ewing is for him, and he is only not appointed yet because Old Zach. hangs fire. I have reliable information of this. Now, if you agree with me that his appointment would dissatisfy rather than gratify the Whigs of this State, that it would slacken their energies in future contests, that his appointment in '41 is an old sore with them which they will not patiently have reopened—in a word, that his appointment now would be a fatal blunder to the administration and our political men, here in Illinois, write Mr. Crittenden to that effect. He can control the matter. Were you to write Ewing I fear the President would never hear of your letter. This may be mere suspicion. You might write directly to Old Zach. You will be the best judge of the propriety of that. Not a moment's time is to be lost.

Let this be confidential except with Mr. Edwards and a few others whom you know I would trust just as I do you.

Yours as ever,
A. LINCOLN.

†When Edwards found that Lincoln had finally applied for the place, he accused him of treachery. Lincoln was deeply hurt by the suspicion, and wrote the following letter to Judge Gillespie of Illinois, a friend of his and of Edward's. This letter, which has never before been published, is owned by the daughter of Judge Gillespie, Mrs. Josephine G. Prickett of Edwardsville, Illinois, and is here printed through her courtesy.

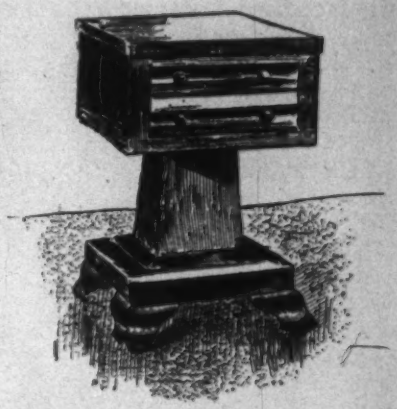
SPRINGFIELD, *July* 13, 1849.

DEAR GILLESPIE: Mr. Edwards is unquestionably offended with me in connection with the matter of the General Land Office. He wrote a letter against me which was filed at the Department.

The better part of one's life consists of his friendships; and, of them, mine with Mr. Edwards was one of the most cherished. I have not been false to it. At a word I could have had the office any time before the Department was committed to Mr. Butterfield—at least Mr. Ewing and the President say as much. That word I forbore to speak, partly for other reasons, but chiefly for Mr. Edwards's sake—losing the office that he might gain it. I was always for [him]; but to lose his *friendship*, by the effort for him, would oppress me very much, were I not sustained by the utmost consciousness of rectitude. I first determined to be an applicant, unconditionally, on the 2d of June; and I did so then upon being informed by a telegraphic despatch that the question was narrowed down to Mr. B. and myself, and that the Cabinet had postponed the appointment three weeks for my benefit. Not doubting that Mr. Edwards was wholly out of the question, I, nevertheless, would not then have become an applicant had I supposed he would thereby be brought to suspect me of treachery to him. Two or three days afterwards a conversation with Levi Davis convinced

ritory would soon be a State, it was believed, and Lincoln would then undoubtedly be chosen to represent it in the United States Senate. Unquestionably, a splendid political prospect was thus opened. Many of Lincoln's friends advised him to accept; his wife, however, disliked the idea of life in the far West, and on her account he refused the place.

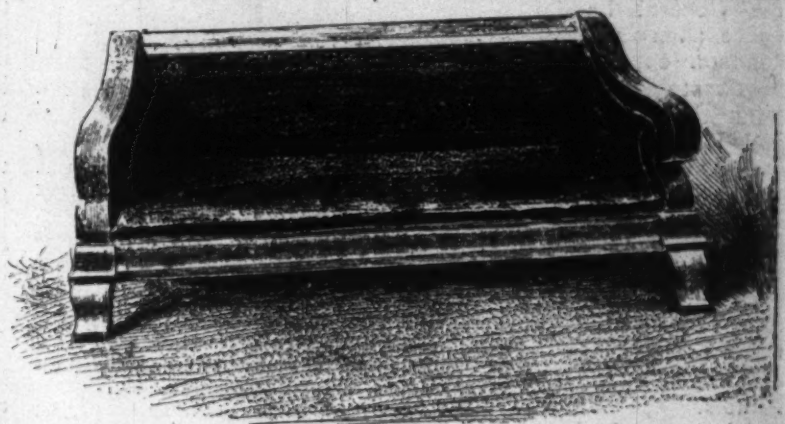
CHAIR FROM LINCOLN HOME.



WORK-TABLE FROM LINCOLN HOME.

LINCOLN DECIDES TO RETURN TO THE LAW.

The events of the summer of 1849 seemed to Lincoln to end his political career. He had no time to brood over his situation, however. The necessity of earning a livelihood was too imperative. His financial obligations were, in fact, considerable. The old debt for the New Salem store still hung over him; he had a growing family; and his father and mother, who were still living in Coles County, whither they had moved in 1831, were dependent upon him for many of the necessaries, as well as all the comforts, of their lives. At intervals ever since he had left home he had helped them; now to save their land from the foreclosing of a mortgage, now to pay their doctor's bills, now to add to the cheerfulness of their home.



SOFA FROM THE LINCOLN HOME IN SPRINGFIELD.

This sofa, as well as the work-table and chair, is owned by Messrs. Vanuxem & Potter of Philadelphia, and is in their law offices in that city. The sofa, which is of mahogany veneer, upholstered with hair-cloth, was made to order for Lincoln, he being unable to find one ready made which was *long enough* for his use. When Lincoln left Springfield for Washington much of the furniture in his house was sold. This sofa was bought by Mr. John E. Roll, who sold it to the Lincoln Memorial Collection. The price paid was one hundred dollars. For several days after the sale the sofa stood in front of a store in Springfield, the idle taking turns in sitting on "an old sofa worth a hundred dollars."

me Mr. Edwards was dissatisfied; but I was then too far in to get out. His own letter, written on the 25th of April, after I had fully informed him of all that had passed, up to within a few days of that time, gave assurance I had that entire confidence from him which I felt my uniform and strong friendship for him entitled me to. Among other things it says: "Whatever course your judgment may dictate as proper to be pursued shall never be excepted to by me." I also had had a letter from Washington saying Chambers, of the *Republic*, had brought a rumor there, that Mr. E. had declined in my favor, which rumor I judged came from Mr. E. himself, as I had not then breathed of his letter to any living creature. In saying I had never, before the 2d of June, determined to be an applicant, *unconditionally*, I mean to admit that, before then, I had said, substantially, I would take the office rather than it should be lost to the State, or given to one in the State whom the Whigs did not want; but I aver that in every instance in which I spoke of myself I intended to keep, and now believe I did keep, Mr. E. above myself. Mr. Edwards's first suspicion was that I had allowed Baker to overreach me, as his friend, in behalf of Don Morrison. I know this was a mistake; and the result has proved it. I understand his view now is, that if I had gone to open war with Baker I could have ridden him down, and had the thing all my own way. I believe no such thing. With Baker and some strong man from the Military tract and elsewhere for Morrison, and we and some strong men from the Wabash and elsewhere, for Mr. E., it was not possible for either to succeed. I believed this in March, and I *know* it now. The only thing which gave either any chance was the very thing Baker and I proposed—an adjustment with themselves.

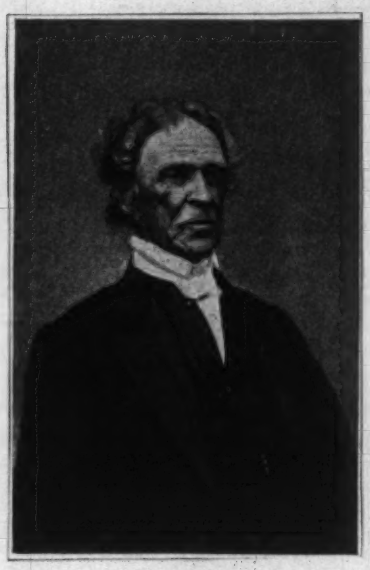
You may wish to know how Butterfield finally beat me. I cannot tell you particulars now, but will when I see you. In the meantime let it be understood I am not greatly dissatisfied—I wish the office had been so bestowed as to encourage our friends in future contests, and I regret exceedingly Mr. Edwards's feelings towards me. These two things away, I should have no regrets—at least I think I would not. Write me soon. Your friend, as ever, A. LINCOLN.

LINCOLN HOME, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

From a photograph made by A. J. Whipple of Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Lincoln and one of his sons stand inside the fence. The Lincoln residence in Springfield was purchased by Mr. Lincoln from the Rev. Charles Dresser in 1844. It was built by Mr. Dresser in 1839. Originally it was a story and a half in height; it was painted white, with green window blinds and white chimneys. At the time of its purchase by Lincoln, it was one of the most attractive cottages in Springfield. Though now near the centre, it then stood on the very outskirts of the place. Beyond on the south was the open prairie, and here, in 1840 and 1844, the Whigs were wont to gather in monster mass meetings. During Mr. Lincoln's absence—it is said while he was at Washington, in Congress—Mrs. Lincoln had the house raised to two stories; and, according to a familiar tradition, Lincoln, upon reaching home, not knowing anything about the improvement, stopped a stranger in front of his place and gravely inquired: "My friend, can you tell me whether Mr. Lincoln lives in these parts?" The house has not been materially changed since then. For many years after Mr. Lincoln moved away in 1861, it was occupied by numerous and often indifferent tenants. It was vacant much of the time; haunted by tramps and thieves. In 1883 Captain O. H. Oldroyd, now of Washington, District of Columbia, with admirable public spirit, rented the house and threw open its doors to the public. He maintained it at his own expense until 1887, when the State of Illinois, by the gift of Robert Lincoln, became owner of the place, and appointed Captain Oldroyd its first custodian. It has since been open to the public.—*J. McCan Davis.*

He was equally kind to his other relatives, visiting them and aiding them in various ways. Among these relatives were two cousins, Abraham and Mordecai, the sons of his uncle Mordecai Lincoln, who lived in Hancock County, in his Congressional district. At Quincy, also in his district, lived with his family a brother of his mother—Joseph Hanks. Lincoln never went to Quincy without going to see his uncle Joseph and "uncle Joe's Jake," as he called one of his cousins. "On these occasions," writes one of the latter's family, Mr. J. M. Hanks of Florence, Colorado, "mirth and jollity abounded, for Mr. Lincoln indulged his bent of story-telling to the utmost, until a late hour." His half-brother, John Johnston, he aided for many years. His help did not always take the form of money. Johnston was unthrifty and always in debt, and consequently restless and discontented. In 1851 he was determined to borrow money or sell his farm, and move to Missouri.

"What can you do in Missouri better than here?" Lincoln wrote Johnston in regard to his contemplated removal. "Is the land any richer? Can you there, any more than here, raise corn and wheat and oats without work? Will anybody there, any more than here, do your work for you? If you intend to go to work,



DR. PETER AKERS.—AN ILLINOIS PREACHER TO WHOM LINCOLN FREQUENTLY LISTENED.

From a photograph loaned by W. J. Lane of Jacksonville, Illinois. Dr. Akers was one of the leading men in his Church in his day. He was a serious student of prophecy and himself frequently declared the overthrow of slavery, which he abhorred. Lincoln heard Dr. Akers make this prophecy not only in 1837, on the occasion referred to in the article, but again in 1857 in Mechanicsburg, Illinois. Dr. Akers before his death wrote the following brief and characteristic autobiography:

"I, Peter Akers, was born, Wednesday, September 1st, A.D. 1790, in Campbell County, Virginia—went through a collegiate course of education—then studied *law*, and practised law four years. I then, under deep conviction, as a seeker of religion, joined the M. E. Church, on the 25th of March, Sunday, 1821; got religion Sunday, the 24th of June, the same year; began to preach Friday, July 20th, same year. Then, on Sunday, the 4th of April, 1824, I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit—was 'filled with all the fulness of God.' See it stated in 'The Guide to Holiness' for April, 1870. I am in my eighty-sixth year, and this day, Wednesday, March 8, 1876, finishes for me, in this world, thirty-one thousand two hundred and thirty-five days. Thanks be to God for 'the *love* of Christ which passeth knowledge.'"—*P. A.*

there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere. Squirming and crawling about from place to place can do no good. You have raised no crop this year; and what you really want is to sell the land, get the money, and spend it. Part with the land you have, and, my life upon it, you will never after own a spot big enough to bury you in. Half you will get for the land you will spend in moving to Missouri, and the other half you will eat, drink, and wear out, and no foot of land will be bought. Now, I feel it my duty to have no hand in such a piece of foolery."

This advice did not prevent Johnston trying to sell a small piece of land on which Mr. Lincoln had paid the mortgage in order to secure it to his step-mother during her life. When Mr. Lincoln received this proposition, he wrote the following letter, which has never before been published: *

"SPRINGFIELD, *November* 25, 1851.

"DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of the 22d is just received. Your proposal about selling the east forty acres of land is all that I want or could claim for *myself;* but I am not satisfied with it on *mother's* account. I want her to have her living, and I feel that it is my duty, to some extent, to see that she is not wronged. She had a right of dower (that is, the use of one-third for life) in the other two forties; but, it seems, she has already let you take that, hook and line. She now has the use of the whole of the east forty as long as she lives, and if it be sold, of course she is entitled to the interest on *all* the money it brings as long as she lives; but you propose to sell it for three hundred dollars, take one hundred away with you, and leave her two hundred at eight per cent., making her the *enormous* sum of sixteen dollars a year. Now, if you are satisfied with treating her in that way, I am not. It is true that you are to have that forty for two hundred dollars *at* mother's death; but you are not to have it *before.* I am confident that land can be made to produce for mother at least thirty dollars a year, and I cannot, to oblige any living person, consent that she shall be put on an allowance of sixteen dollars a year.

"Yours, etc.,

"A. LINCOLN."

It was these obligations which made Lincoln resume at once the practice of the law. He decided to remain in Springfield, although he had an opportunity to go in with a well-established Chicago lawyer For many reasons life in Springfield was satisfactory to him. He had bought a home there in 1844, and was deeply attached to it. There, too, he was surrounded by scores of friends who had known him since his first appearance in the town, and to many of whom he was related by marriage; and he had the good will of the community. In short, he was a part of Springfield. The very children knew him, for there was not one of them for whom he had not done some kind deed. "My first strong impression of Mr. Lincoln," says a lady of Springfield, "was made by

* We owe the right to publish this interesting letter to the courtesy of Mr. William H. Lambert of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in whose fine collection of Lincolniana it belongs.

one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. It was an epoch of my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day I was to go came, but as the hour of the train approached, the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on, I realized, in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate, my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"'Why, what's the matter?' he asked, and I poured out all my story.

"'How big's the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big.' And he pushed through the gate and up to the door. My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied. 'Oh, ho,' he cried; 'wipe your eyes and come on quick.' And before I knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was down stairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, fast as his long legs could carry him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-by, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."

This sensitiveness to a child's wants made Mr. Lincoln a most indulgent father. He continually carried his boys about with him, and their pranks, even when they approached rebellion, seemed to be an endless delight to him. Like most boys, they loved to run away, and neighbors of the Lincolns tell many tales of Mr. Lincoln's captures of the culprits. One of the prettiest of all these is a story told of an escape Willie once made, when three or four years old, from the hands of his mother, who was giving him a tubbing. He scampered out of the door without the vestige of a garment on him, flew up the street, slipped under a fence into a great green field, and took across it. Mr. Lincoln was sitting on the porch, and discovered the pink and white runaway as he was cutting across the greensward. He stood up, laughing aloud, while the mother entreated him to go in pursuit; then he started in chase. Halfway across the field he caught the child, and gathering him up in his long arms, he covered his rosy form with kisses. Then mounting him on his back, the chubby legs around his neck, he rode him back to his mother and his tub.

It was a frequent custom with Lincoln, this of carrying his children on his shoulders. He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father, and the species of tyranny they exercised over him, are still subjects of talk in Springfield. Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children crying, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied; "I've got three walnuts and each wants two."

CHURCH-GOING HABITS—COURSE OF SELF-CULTURE.

There was no institution in Springfield in which Lincoln had not taken an active interest in the first years of his residence; and now that he had decided to remain in the town, he resumed all his old relations, from the daily visits to the drug-stores on the public square, which were the recognized rendezvous of Springfield politicians and lawyers, to his weekly attendance at the First Presbyterian Church. That he was as regular in his attendance on the latter as on the former, all his old neighbors testify. In fact, Lincoln, all his life, went regularly to church. The serious attention which he gave the sermons he heard is shown in a well-authenticated story of a visit he made in 1837, with a company of friends, to a camp-meeting held six miles west of Springfield at the "Salem Church." The sermon on this occasion was preached by one of the most vigorous and original individuals in the pulpit of that day—the Rev. Dr. Peter Akers. In this discourse was a remarkable and prophetic passage, long remembered by those who heard it. The speaker prophesied the downfall of castes, the end of tyrannies, and the crushing out of slavery. As Lincoln and his friends returned home there was a long discussion of the sermon.

"It was the most instructive sermon, and he is the most impressive preacher, I have ever heard," Lincoln said. "It is wonderful that God has given such power to men. I firmly believe his interpretation of prophecy, so far as I understand it, and especially about the breaking down of civil and religious tyrannies; and, odd

as it may seem, when he described those changes and revolutions, I was deeply impressed that I should be somehow strangely mixed up with them." *

If Lincoln was not at this period a man of strictly orthodox beliefs, he certainly was, if we accept his own words, profoundly religious. In the letters which passed between Lincoln and Speed in 1841 and 1842, when the two men were doubting their own hearts and wrestling with their disillusions and forebodings, Lincoln frequently expressed the idea to Speed that the Almighty had sent their suffering for a special purpose. When Speed finally acknowledged himself happily married, Lincoln wrote to him: "I always was superstitious; I believe God made me one of the instruments of bringing your Fanny and you together, which union I have no doubt he had foreordained." Then, referring to his own troubled heart, he added: "Whatever He designs He will do for me yet. 'Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord,' is my text just now."

Only a few months after Lincoln decided to settle permanently in Springfield his father, Thomas Lincoln, fell dangerously ill. Lincoln in writing to John Johnston, his half-brother, said: "I sincerely hope father may recover his health, but, at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and mereiful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and He will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in Him."

Lincoln's return to the law was characterized by a marked change in his habits. He gave much more attention to study than he ever had before. His colleagues in Springfield and on the circuit noticed this change. After court closed in the town on the circuit, and the lawyers were gathered in the bar-room or on the veranda of the tavern, telling stories and chaffing one another, Lincoln would join them, though often but for a few minutes. He would tell a story as he passed, and while they were laughing at its climax, would slip away to his room to study. Frequently this study was carried on far into the night. "Placing a candle on a chair at the head of the bed," says Mr. Herndon, "he would study for hours. I have known him to study in this position until two o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile, I and others who chanced to occupy the same room would be safely and soundly asleep." Although he worked so late, "he was in the habit of rising earlier than his brothers of the bar," says Judge Weldon. "On such occasions he was wont to sit by the fire, having uncovered the coals, and muse, ponder, and soliloquize."

But it was not only the law that occupied him. He began a serious course of self-education, studying mathematics, astronomy, poetry, as regularly as a schoolboy who had lessons to recite. In the winter of 1849–50 he even joined a club of a dozen gentlemen of Springfield who had begun the study of German, the meetings of the class being held in his office.*

Much of Lincoln's devotion to study at this period was due to his desire to bring himself in general culture up to the men whom he had been meeting in the East. No man ever realized his own deficiencies in knowledge and experience more deeply than Abraham Lincoln, nor made a braver struggle to correct them. He often acknowledged to his friends the consciousness he had of his own limitations in the simplest matters of life.

Mr. H. C. Whitney, one of his old friends, gives a pathetic example of this.

Once on the circuit his friends missed him after supper. When he returned, some one asked where he had been. "Well, I have been to a little show up at the Academy," he said.

"He sat before the fire," says Mr. Whitney, "and narrated all the sights of that most primitive of county shows, given chiefly to school children. Next night he was missing again; the show was still in town, and he stole in as before, and entertained us with a description of new sights —a magic lantern, electrical machine, etc. I told him I had seen all these sights at school. 'Yes,' said he sadly, 'I now have an advantage over you, for the first time in my life seeing these things which are, of course, common to those who had, what I did not, a chance at an education when they were young.'"

It was to make up for the "chance at an education" which he did not have in youth that Abraham Lincoln at forty years of age, after having earned the reputation of being one of the ablest politicians in Illinois, spent his leisure.

* Incident related by the Rev. Wm. Rutledge, D.D., of Jacksonville, Ill.

* Dr. A. W. French, Springfield, Illinois; unpublished MS., "Lincoln Studies German."

THE LOCOMOTIVE THAT LOST HERSELF.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "A Thousand-mile Ride on the Engine of a 'Flyer,'" etc.

ENGINE 13 had been designed by a genius who was called a crank. He was the inventor of some of the most useful tools and appliances in use in the shops. He was an enthusiast. If he had not been, his design would never have been accepted by the superintendent of motive power and machinery. He claimed that his new locomotive would steam better, pull harder, and run faster than any engine on the K. P. She was so constructed that she could run farther on a tank of water, the enthusiast said, than an ordinary locomotive would run on two; and that was good, for water was scarce on the plains. She had patent lubricators and balanced valves, new inventions at that time, and being fresh painted and handsome, she was regarded as a good "catch" by the engineers of the Smoky-Hill division. The genius who designed her had been sent East to the locomotive works, to superintend her construction; and long before the engine was completed, the mechanics employed upon her had arrived at the conclusion that the Western engineer was as crazy as a jack snipe.

As the locomotive neared completion the enthusiasm of her designer increased. A quiet, undemonstrative enthusiasm, it was, that seemed to possess the soul of the inventor and to fill his life with all that he needed. Upon her growing skeleton he worked himself weary, and then rested himself in quiet contemplation of his ideal engine; and finally, when the wheels were placed beneath her frame, he began to see her as she should appear when completed. One morning when the workmen came they found Hansen's bed in the engine tank. From that day forward he worked about her by day, and slept, if he slept at all, upon her at night.

"UPON HER GROWING SKELETON HE WORKED HIMSELF WEARY."

Oscar Hansen, a Dane, had yellow hair and a very poor stand of clay-colored whiskers. Like writing and painting geniuses, he allowed his hair and beard to grow and blow as they would, and the result was that he was about as unhandsome a man as one would meet in a lifetime. All this was nothing to Hansen. He lived in his work, and believed that in time he would run away from Stevenson, Franklin, and all the rest.

When the 13 arrived at Kansas City, Hansen was with her, and he remained with her day and night until she was taken out to be limbered up for her trial trip. He insisted upon handling her himself, and would not allow the locomotive engineer to touch the throttle until the master mechanic came to him personally and remonstrated. It was evident from the very first that the engine was not right, and the engineer told Hansen so at the close of the first day with her.

Hansen became so angry that he threatened to kill the engineer if he ever dared to repeat what he had said. Every day for nearly a week the new engine was raced around the yards, and never for a moment did Hansen leave her. His wild hair became wilder, his deep eyes sank deeper into his head, and his thin white face became almost horrible to see. At the end of a week it was decided to put the 13 on the Denver Express for her trial trip, and Hansen surprised the master mechanic by asking to be allowed to run her.

"But you are not a locomotive engineer," urged the official, "and I couldn't think of allowing you to handle the engine. You may go with her, if you wish; but the engineer must have full control of the locomotive."

Hansen went sullenly out, and climbed up into the cab. When the conductor came with the orders, he glanced into the cab, and asked: "Who's his whiskers?"

"That fellow with the tired look and troubled tresses," answered the engineer, "is the idiot who designed this machine."

Hansen had, by insisting upon running the new locomotive himself, incurred the displeasure of every engineer on the road, and as this remark was meant for him to hear, he heard it. When the conductor left the engine, Hansen crossed over to the driver's side and said: "If you don't make time to-day, I'll run her myself, and I'll send you where you won't want a fireman."

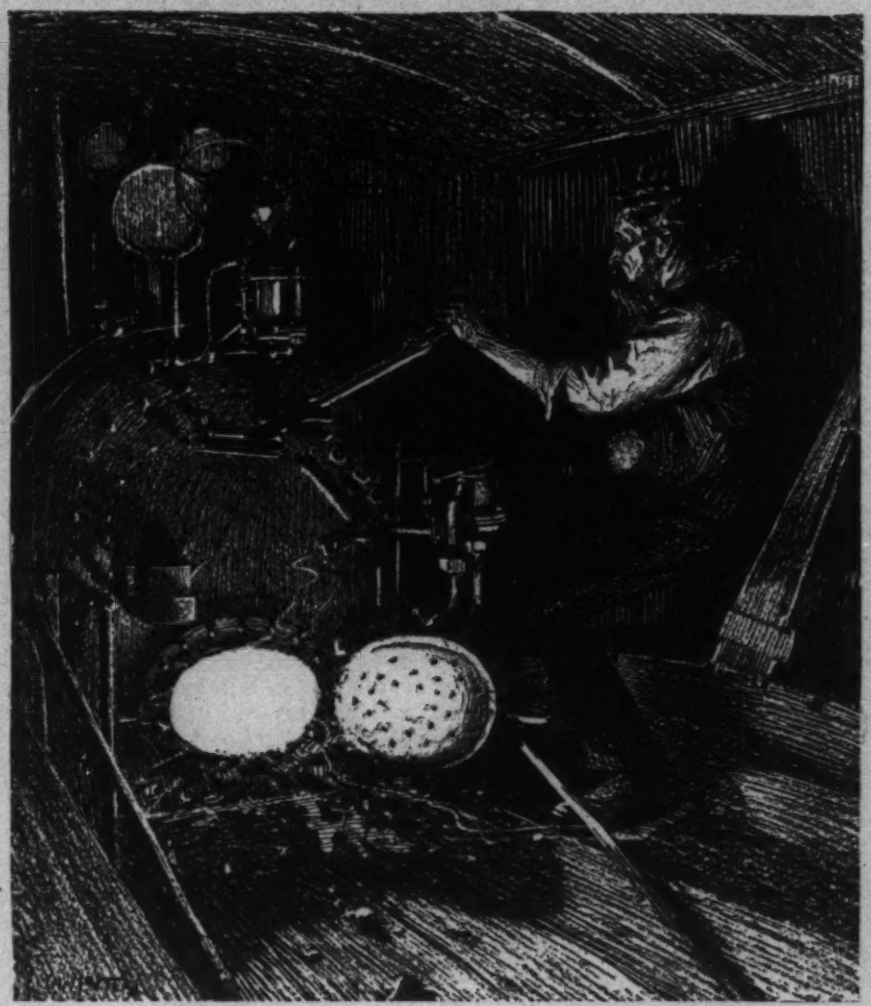
The driver only laughed, for the sanity of the inventor had been a debatable question ever since his return with the new engine.

The train to which the 13 was coupled was a heavy one, for Colorado was at that time just beginning to "boom." In the first run, of seven miles, they lost five minutes, but Hansen was too much taken up with watching his machine to take note of the time. Her boiler was foaming, as new boilers usually do; her main pins were hot, and so was her engineer. The first stop was at a small town, and when the conductor gave the signal to go, the engineer was still on the ground pouring tallow on the pins. Hansen became frantic at what, to him, seemed unnecessary delay, and springing to the driver's side he pulled the throttle wide open without releasing the air-brakes. The engine lurched forward, and when the slack was gone, her wheels began to revolve at a frightful rate. The engineer sprang into the cab, and found Hansen working frantically in a vain effort to shut off steam, and concluded at a glance that the throttle had been left partly open, and that the high pressure of steam had forced it out. Now, when the engineer, fireman, and Hansen all seized the lever to force the throttle in, they sprung the stem, and the thing could not be closed. The engineer released the air with the hope that the train might be started, and in that way the engine could be cooled down without doing any great damage. But the wheels were now revolving at such a rate that the engine had no adhesive power, and the train stood still. Five, ten, fifteen seconds went by, and still the three men worked, each in another's way, trying to shut off steam. A solid stream of fire was rolling out of the stack, and such sprays of sparks came from the drivers that they looked like living flames.

Pushing Hansen and the fireman out of his way, the engineer opened both injectors; and what with the cold water going in and the fire going out, the mad machine cooled rapidly, and in a few moments ground harshly and came to a stop. It was found, upon examination, that the drivers had dug great holes in the steel rails, and that the tires on the back pair of driving-wheels, already well heated by the furnace, had loosened by expansion and slipped nearly off the wheels. In a little while the throttle was cooled and closed, and a fresh fire was made; but when they gave the engine steam she refused to move. She was uncoupled, and still refused to go; and then they saw that her tires had cooled and clasped the fire-box, and the fire-box, expanding, held them there and ocked the wheels.

When they had put out her fire, the wheels let loose, so that a yard engine could drag her back to the round-house. All the way her scarred wheels ground and ground against her frame, while Hansen sat in the tank with his thin yellow whiskers full of coal dust, and nobody but he knew that he had opened the throttle.

During the weeks that followed, while the 13 was being repaired, having her tires turned down to remove the slivers of steel, and getting reset and repainted, Hansen never left her for a single hour. His condition became so pitiable that the engineers, who had at first looked upon him with contempt, now spoke kindly to him or gave him no attention at all. He rarely ever washed now; his yellow beard was dark with coal dust, and his death-hued face was splotched with soot and black oil.



"SPRINGING TO THE DRIVER'S SIDE, HE PULLED THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN."

By the time the 13 was ready for the road, Hansen was almost ready for an undertaker; and when the master mechanic saw him, he gave orders that the inventor must not be allowed to go out on the engine, which was to take out the fast freight, a night run of some importance.

Hansen had hoped, even boasted, that the 13 should never be coupled into anything plainer than a mail car, and now when he learned that she was going out on a freight run he was frantic. Formerly he had insisted upon running the engine only; now he wanted to run the road. When the foreman told him, as kindly as he could, that no one would be allowed in the cab of the 13 except the engineer and the fireman, the inventor glared fiercely for a moment, then turned and entered the office of the master mechanic. He did not wait to be ushered in, but strode to the chief's desk, and informed the head of the motive power department that engine 13 would not go out on freight; that when she did go out she would pull a passenger train, and that he, Hansen, would be the engineer.

The master mechanic was forced to be firm with the man, who, up to now, he had avoided or humored; and he told him plainly that the orders given concerning the new engine would certainly be carried out, and that if he became too troublesome he would be locked up. Hansen raved like a madman, and all the clerks in the office were unable to seize and hold him. "She is my life!" he shrieked. "I have put my soul into her, and I will never allow her to go out of my sight—you will be guilty of murder if you separate us."

As the mad inventor fought he frothed at the mouth, and the perspiration that almost streamed from his forehead washed white furrows down his face. It was not until the special officer came with hand-cuffs that Hansen could be controlled; and as the 13 rolled slowly across the turn-table, he was led away to the lock-up. He became perfectly quiet now, and when they reached the "Cooler," as it was called, the officer removed the hand-cuffs and turned to unlock the door. Hansen, taking advantage of this opportunity, turned quickly and bolted, and was many yards away before the officer, rattling away at the padlock, knew that his prisoner had escaped.

The officer very naturally supposed that Hansen would return to the shops, but he did not. He made straight for the freight yards, where the 13 stood steaming, all coupled up and ready to pull out on her night run over the plains. The engineer had finished oiling, and had gone into the little telegraph office where the conductor was getting orders. The fireman, who was in the cab looking after the engine, saw Hansen come leaping over the strings of flat and coal cars, with his beard sweeping round his neck, and his yellow hair blown back from his bare head. As the inventor sprang upon the engine the fireman seized him, only to be hurled out over the coal tank by the desperate Dane. Having freed himself from the fireman, Hansen gave two sharp blasts—"off brakes"—and opened the throttle. The sudden jerk broke the train in two, four cars from the engine; and before the astonished engineer could reach the head end the engine was in motion. The mad driver knew enough to open the sand lever, and with a few exhausts the short train was moving so fast that the trainmen were unable to reach it. Out, over the switches, already set for the fast freight, and down the main line dashed the wild driver, while a flood of fire came from the stack and rained upon the roofs of cars and switch shanties along the line. Flagmen, coming out at crossings to cheer the fast freight with a white signal of "all right," saw the grim face of Hansen leaning from the cab; saw his white teeth shining, and his yellow hair streaming back over his shoulders, as the engine dashed by. Farmers along the line saw a great shower of sparks falling in their fields, and in her wake the wild engine left a sea of burning stubble where red flames leaped from shock to rick.

When the fireman, dazed and stunned, had been picked up and revived, he told them what had happened, and a despatch was sent to the first station out to "ditch" the 13, which had broken loose from her train and was running wild. This station was the meeting point for the fast freight and the incoming express, and if the wild engine was allowed to pass, she must surely collide with the passenger train. The operator who was on duty looking out for these two important trains, realized the situation at a glance, and opened the switch at the farther end of the siding to allow the 13 to go into the ditch beyond the depot.

Because it was a junction point, the station was located at the foot of a long slope, down which Hansen drove at a frightful rate. Whatever of speed he had lost by losing fire and wasting steam, he now regained on the downward grade. So great was the speed of the train that when the engine struck the first switch she left the track and plunged into the depot, carrying the four loaded cars with her. The fourth car contained giant powder for the miners in the mountains, and this now exploded with terrific force. The agent and his assistant had stationed themselves near the other switch to witness the performance of the wild engine when she should leave the rail, and so escaped death. Hansen's escape was almost miraculous. The engine, in turning over, threw him upon the roof of the low station, the roof was blown away by the explosion, and Hansen was carried out into the prairie. The special engine and crew that followed upon her blazing trail found the 13 buried in the burning station, and Hansen lying unconscious upon the star-lit plain.

The blackened fields had been plowed and prepared for another crop, the station was being rebuilt, and the company's claim agent was busy settling with the farmers along the line, before Hansen was able to walk out in the garden back of the company's hospital. It seemed to him, he said, that he had been ill all his life, and that all he knew was the short life he had lived in the hospital. Back of that all was a blank, save that he had a faint notion that he had lived before, and that the world out of which he had come was made up of one great sorrow from which he had narrowly escaped.

"Is that my name?" he asked of the attendant one day when his reason had returned.

"Sure," said the nurse, "your name vas Oscar—don't you know your own name?"

"THE FIREMAN SEIZED HIM, ONLY TO BE HURLED OUT OVER THE COAL TANK BY THE DESPERATE DANE."

"Oh! yes," said the patient wearily, "I had forgotten. What's my other name, Oscar what?"

The attendant was about to reply when the surgeon, entering, gave sign for the man to be quiet. "Restless," said the doctor, taking the patient's hand, and the sick man caught at the word, the meaning of which his wreck of a mind scarcely comprehended, and repeated: "Reslis—Oscar Reslis—that's a nice-sounding name."

"Yes," said the surgeon, deciding to let it go at that; "Oscar Reslis is a very pretty name."

The physical condition of the patient improved rapidly enough now, but his mental condition continued to puzzle the chief surgeon and his staff. He was quiet enough, and seemed anxious to be alone—away from the other patients and the attendants. He would sit for hours thinking, thinking, hard and long, upon the great problem of life, and trying to make out how he came to be. The attendants had been instructed to keep a close watch upon the sick man, and this, as his reasoning powers returned, Hansen detected. "Why do you follow me all the while?" he asked of his German keeper one day when the latter had trailed him down in the garden.

"To se so dot you none skedattle—flew der coop—see? Dat vas it."

"Tell me, Fritz," Hansen pleaded, "where did I live before I came here?"

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed the German, "you dink I vas one fool? Der doc tell

me I shall not speak mit you about your past life. He say I must use say nix, une blay as I don't lisen, see?"

"Then tell me why they brought me here."

"Oh! I mus nit, I mus nit speak mit you about your sickness, der doc sais; because, he say, it will make you nut fly off. You see it is nit goot for you to know so much, because you been wronk in der cope—see? Dot vos it. Doc sais you must not told a man vat is crazy dot he been crazy, for dot makes him sometimes still more crazy yet again already. Dot is it. So I vill not say anoder veard from you."

Oscar thought a great deal over his conversation with Fritz, and as the days went by he began to realize that he was a prisoner; that he had been a prisoner once before, either in this world or the other; that he had escaped; and he must escape again. All his time was now occupied in forming plans by which he might free himself from his captors, who had no right, according to his way of reasoning, to hold him.

One night when Fritz was asleep, Oscar dressed himself, slid down the rain-spout, and reached the garden. By the help of some grape-vines that grew there, he was able to scale the wall; and once free, he ran away with all his might, not caring where his legs carried him so they bore him away from his prison. It happened that as he reached the yard a freight train was pulling out, and seeing that it was leaving the town, he boarded it and rode away. Upon some flat cars in this train there were a number of narrow-gauge locomotives going out to a mountain road then being built in the new West, and in the fire-box of one of these engines Hansen hid. The train had been out three days, and was almost in sight of the Rocky Mountains, when Hansen was forced by hunger from his hiding-place. He was put off at an eating-station, and the boarding boss took care of him. He said his name was Oscar Reslis; and when he was strong enough to work he was put into the kitchen as dish-washer. But being sober and industrious, he was soon promoted to be second cook. At the end of the year, when the cook got drunk and lost his place, Oscar was make chief cook at one of the best-known eating-houses on the K. P. He was a little queer in his actions, but they all attributed his eccentricities to his long fast in the fire-box of the dead engine, and treated him with greater consideration than he would otherwise have received.

When they had hammered the kinks out of her warped and twisted frame, and smoothed the dents out of her boiler, the luckless locomotive was rebuilt, painted, and rolled out over the turn-table with the same unlucky number on her headlight. Nobody wanted her now. New and beautiful as she was, not an engineer asked to be allowed to run her. After she had been broken in again, and the travelling engineer had passed upon her fitness for the road, she was ordered out on local freight. She had no serious trouble for some months, but any number of minor accidents were charged up to her in the conductor's delay reports, and the work-book in the round-house was written full of her troubles. At the end of the year it was found that she had burned more coal, used more oil, had more repairs, cost more money, made less mileage, and injured more people than any engine on the Smoky-Hill division. She was placed in the hands of one of the most experienced engineers, but she made the same bad record, if not a worse one; and neither engineer nor master mechanic was able to put a hand upon her and say: "Here she is wrong." Her trouble could not be located, and most of the men gave it up, declaring that Hansen had "hoo-dooed" her. One day her throttle flew open and stuck, as it had upon her first trip, causing her to run away, kill her engineer, and injure a number of trainmen. After that she was put upon a construction train, and made to drag outfit cars from station to station along the line. But even here she had to be followed up by a machine-shop to keep her on her wheels.

In time she came to be the talk of the whole system. If a man had a special or a fast freight behind him, he would invariably ask the despatcher where the 13 was, and he looked for her at every curve until he had found and passed her. She was always due to jump the track or lay down between stations in the face of the fast express. She became so notoriously unlucky that men were hardly held responsible for her capers. Wrecks that would have cost the driver of another engine ten days were not reported; and even serious accidents her engineer was not called upon to explain. So long as she remained at the other end of the line, the master mechanic was satisfied. She was a "hoo-doo."

Meanwhile Oscar Reslis had become an expert cook, and had many friends at the little Western town that was a flag station when he stopped there to break his long

fast. His mind seemed clearer, but he was less cheerful. A settled melancholy seemed fixed upon him, which none of his associates was able to understand. He believed in the transmigration of souls. Where he had lived, he said, he had been deeply wronged and persecuted. He had passed through a great sorrow, and to his acquaintances it seemed that he had been purified by pain. He lived such a simple, sinless life that those about him believed in him and in the faith he held, and in time he had a number of converts to what they called the "Reslis religion." He was constantly preaching. "Strive hard, strive hard," he would say to those about him. "Remember that all the good you do in this life will count for you in the life to come. The more you suffer here the more you will enjoy there—be patient."

One sultry summer day, when all the help were complaining of the heat in the kitchen, the patient cook surprised them by beginning to sing, as he went about his work, a thing he had never done before.

"I think I shall go away soon," he said, when the second cook asked the cause of his apparent happiness.

"Where? Oh! that I do not know; but to a better place than this, I hope. Not that this is a bad world; but we must advance,—go on and up, up and on, until we reach the perfect life."

Suddenly there came through the open windows two shrill blasts of a locomotive whistle, and instantly Hansen's face grew joyously bright.

"There she is! There she is!" he cried, bounding out of the kitchen, and clearing the back fence at a single leap. And now he beheld the old 13 just pulling out with three or four outfit cars and an old, rickety caboose behind her. She was so covered with alkali, dust, and grease, that her number could not be seen; but he had heard her voice, and knew her. The fireman was busy at the furnace, the engineer was looking back to see that the yard men closed the switch behind him; and so the cook climbed into the cab unobserved. When the fireman came out of the coal tank and found the man there, he concluded that the engineer had given him permission to ride; and when the engineer looked over and saw the fireman fixing a seat for the "dead-head," he thought the two men must be friends, and, as few people ever came into the cab, he was rather pleased to find a man reckless enough to ride the 13.

The Dane's face told plainly how glad he was to find the lost idol of his heart. Dirty, disgraced—almost despised—drudging along in front of her wretched train of rickety, dust-covered cars, she was still beautiful to him.

The engineer was doing the best he could with the old scrap heap, for there was a passenger train coming from the west, and the first siding was nearly ten miles away. It had been raining down the line the night before, and the parched plain was fresh and cool. Both the engineer and the fireman were much interested in the bare-headed passenger, who seemed about as happy as a man can get and live. He took note of every move made by the engineer, smiling when the engine blew off steam, and frowning when the driver handled the throttle or lever in a rough or careless manner.

"Guess this is your first ride on a locomotive, eh?" asked the driver.

"My first ride?" cried Hansen. "Don't you know me? I made this engine, and they took her from me, and locked me up in a prison; but I shall never leave her again. I shall scour her jacket, polish her bell, repaint her, and she shall pull the Denver Express."

"If I don't b'leve it's the crazy Dane," said the engineer. "Wher'd you git 'im?"

"I didn't git 'im at all," said the fireman. "Wher'd you git 'im?"

"Is that what they call me over there—back there where we used to live?" asked Hansen, almost pathetically.

The engineer made no reply; the fireman shook the grates, and looked out over the plain, where the scant grass, taking courage from the recent rain, made a feeble effort to look green and cheerful.

"Open her up," shouted Hansen. "Don't be afraid of her. We shall push right on to the end of the run—until we find a round-house—and some tools, and then we will rebuild her. How handsome she will look when she comes out. We will paint her black this time—all black—all but her bell; and that shall shine like burnished gold. Black will become us now, for we have passed through great trials since our separation. How they have abused you, my noble steel," continued the man, glancing along the boiler and up at the stack.

The engine began to roll and plunge fearfully now, and the driver, looking out, saw that the rain had been very heavy, and that the track was almost unsafe. But he dare not slow down because of his close meeting point with the east-bound

express. Instead of being frightened at the capers of the rolling, plunging engine, the Dane seemed delighted, and leaned far out on the fireman's side, and shouted and laughed as the world went by. Although the track was clear and straight, the driver kept a constant lookout, for he had no air, and the way the train was rolling it would be difficult for the trainmen to get to the brakes, and when they did get to them they were apt to be out of repair. Occasionally they crossed deep, narrow gullies on wooden bridges that shook as the engine struck them. These waterless streams in the West are treacherous. It is not enough to say that they are dry one hour and bank-full the next; for they will often fill to overflowing in a single minute. The water at times will roll down in a solid wall ten or twelve feet high. There had been a cloudburst here, and suddenly the driver saw the sagging rails hanging over a deep ravine. The bridge was gone, and there was no possible show for them. "Jump!" he shouted, and the fireman leaped out into the prairie, and the engine plunged head first into the stream, now almost dry. The three or four outfit cars piled in on top of the engine, and filled up the gap, while the caboose, breaking her coupling, leaped over the wreck, and was thrown out on the plain beyond the washout.

When the fireman had pulled himself together, and the conductor and brakemen had crawled from the wrecked caboose, bruised and bleeding, they went in search of the engineer and the crazy Dane. What they found, and failed to find, is well known to thousands of railroad men. It has become a part of the history of the road and of the West. There in the bed of the narrow stream they found the outfit cars all in a heap. The stream—only eight or ten inches of clear water—was rippling through and around the wreck; but the locomotive was gone, and so was her driver, and so was the Dane. The men stared at one another, and when the fireman told them that the crazy inventor was on the engine, they were seized with a strange terror, and they all turned and scrambled up the bank. Far down the plain they saw the smoke of a locomotive, and they thought that the crazy Dane must have caused the 13 to leap over the washout. It must be so, for the engine had disappeared, and this discovery served only to increase their bewilderment.

Presently the conductor thought of his running orders and of the east-bound express, which they were running to meet at the siding only a mile beyond the washout, and, securing a soiled flag from the old caboose, he ran with all his might to meet and flag the approaching train. The arrival of the express explained away the smoke they had seen, and made it plain to the crew of the work-train that their engine had not escaped, but that she was somewhere in the quicksand of the little stream. It was some time before the crew and the passengers of the express could bring themselves to believe the story told by the bewildered freight crew. They went down into the stream, waded into the water, and found the sand firm enough to hold a man up, and some of the passengers said the men were crazy, and would not believe the tale they told. What wonder then, if these men who were there only a few minutes after the wreck doubted this story, that men laugh to-day when the enterprising newsboy points out the place where the engine went down and disappeared in the sand?

The railway officials, however, did not doubt the story, and they came and dug and drifted, prospected, and ploughed around in the desert sands all night and all the next day. After the bridge had been rebuilt they went at it in earnest. For days and weeks and months they worked away, digging and sounding in the sand, and when thousands of dollars had been expended they gave it up. The lost locomotive has never been found.*

* The following letters, recently received by the author, will be of interest to the reader:

Office of the General Superintendent,
UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

DENVER, COLORADO, *March* 1, 1896.

CY WARMAN, Esq., Washington, D. C.

The lost locomotive of which you inquire went down in Sand Creek, a few hours' run east of Denver, and although thousands of dollars have been expended by the company, the engine has never been found.

Respectfully yours,

W. A. DEUEL, *General Supt., U. P. Ry.*

THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD COMPANY.
(Treasury Department.)

DENVER, COLORADO, *March* 21, 1896.

MR. CY WARMAN, Washington, D. C.

My Dear Cy: I remember the story of the engine going down in Sand Creek; and, so far as I know, it has never been recovered.

With best wishes, I am, hastily, sincerely yours,

J. W. GILLULY, *Treasurer of the D. & R. G. RR.*

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

THIS is an anniversary number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. It is three years since the first number was published, bearing the date of June, 1893, and we are able to fitly celebrate this anniversary by issuing the present number (June, 1896,) from our own printing offices. These offices, taking into consideration the perfection of their mechanical equipment, the amplitude of room and light, and convenience of location, are not surpassed—are scarcely approached—by any of their kind in the country. Within two blocks of Madison Square, in one of the largest business buildings in New York, they occupy an entire floor, a floor which in itself comprises an area of two-thirds of an acre and is equal to a twelve-story building of the ordinary width and depth. It runs from street to street, enjoys the light of more than twenty windows at either end, and of a goodly number on either side; besides, it has skylights; and the air is as abundant as the light. To secure these requisites unstintedly, it was necessary to go well up; but no inconvenience results from that, for there are three swift elevators to convey passengers, and two to convey freight. One of the latter is of such capacity that a wagon loaded with paper for the magazine drives on to it, and is hoisted, to unload at the very presses.

The editorial, advertising, subscription, and business departments occupy the lower, or Twenty-fifth Street, end of this beautiful, spacious floor, while the remainder, through to Twenty-sixth Street, is appropriated to the manufacturing department. Each has ample accommodation and the equipment fittest to its needs; but, of course, the equipment of the manufacturing department is the most noteworthy. Here the very best appliances that invention has yet devised for fine, rapid, and economical work in printing and binding have been adopted. There are fourteen Cottrell presses, each capable of doing the finest book printing. One of them, the recent triumphant consummation of years of study and experiment in machinery of its kind, the Cottrell rotary perfecting press, is alone capable of doing the work of six ordinary presses of the largest size.

The appliances of the bindery are not so many as those of the press-room, but they are not less wonderful. They perform of themselves, without any human aid but that of mere attendance, the several operations of folding, pressing, stitching, covering, and trimming; and they do them with such rapidity that an edition of 300,000 can be taken in sheets from the presses and made ready for the mails and the news-stands in twelve days. Only recently has any such achievement in binding been mechanically possible.

The power throughout is electricity, and both in the press-room and the bindery each machine has its individual motor. The lines of shafting and web of belts that scatter dust and grease, and worry and even endanger life, in the old-time factory, have no place here. All is clean and remarkably quiet, and the comfort of the workman is complete.

The composition and electrotyping of the magazine are still done by Messrs. J. J. Little and Company, who have been its printers since its foundation. But the new plant embraces two type-setting machines, which set matrices that cast the letters on a bar of metal ready for the press, at a rate which is the equivalent of the work of six expert compositors. These two machines are kept busy most of the time on the one task of extending and revising the magazine's subscription lists, to such magnitude and with such rapidity have the lists grown.

To come in so short a time as three years to require, and to be able to possess and maintain, such a plant as McCLURE'S MAGAZINE inaugurates with this anniversary number, is a very wonderful growth for a magazine. It is, indeed, a growth almost beyond precedent. Many a business enterprise that has ultimately proved successful in a high degree, has gone twice and thrice that period without yielding decisive results. Publishing enterprises in particular have been of notoriously difficult growth. They have, as a rule, demanded for their development not only long time, but also large capital. McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has not had large capital—it was, indeed, founded practically without capital; and yet, in these three years, the circulation has increased from 19,000, the average edition of the first four months, to 275,000, the average of the last four months.

While the magazine's growth has been thus remarkable, however, there is nothing mysterious about it. It is easy to explain. Until McCLURE'S was founded, there was not in existence in this country a magazine of the highest character in its literature and illustrations that was at the same time popular in its quality and its price. Prior to that, no magazine of the highest grade sold for less than twenty-five cents, and the circle of readers was comparatively limited. The founders of McCLURE'S saw no reason why a magazine of the first excellence should not also be a magazine of the widest interest. They saw no necessary conflict between popularity in a magazine and worth. They believed that if a magazine written by the best writers, illustrated by the best artists and processes, and treating of themes attractive to the largest number of people were produced at the right price, it must inevitably have a large circulation. They therefore undertook to make such a magazine.

How the undertaking has been executed, the readers of McCLURE'S, surely, do not need to be told. There is scarcely a living American or English writer of importance who has not, during these three years, contributed to McCLURE'S some of his most notable work. It has published the best short, illustrated life of Napoleon in existence; it has published the only full and accurate account yet written of the early life of Lincoln. It has given the first authoritative account of the most important new devices and discoveries made since it began publication. It has presented fresh authoritative character-sketches of many of the eminent men of to-day, in every case with new facts, new pictures, and new portraits. In short, it has yielded in distinction of contents to no competitor, as it has yielded to none in price. Large circulation has followed as a matter of course; and there is the whole story. With some additions to the plant which have already been contracted for, it will easily manufacture upwards of half a million copies a month, and with such features as we have in hand or in contemplation for the magazine during its fourth year, we see no reason why a circulation of half a million and upwards should not be achieved easily before the year ends.

RHYMES BY "IRONQUILL."

WHIST.

HOUR after hour the cards were fairly shuffled
And fairly dealt, but still I got no hand;
The morning came, and with a mind unruffled
I only said, "I do not understand."

Life is a game of whist. From unseen sources
The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt;
Blind are our efforts to control the forces
That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled,
But yet I like the game and want to play;
And through the long, long night will I, unruffled,
Play what I get until the break of day.

THE COWCATCHER.

A Fable.

CAST your eagle eye on me—
Leaders there must always be.
I have such a massive brain,
I can stand the tug and strain.
See the engine and the train
As they meekly follow me.
Leaders there must always be.

It's a part of nature's plan
That I occupy the van.
Born to rule, and born to lead,
Born to flourish and precede,
The momentum and the speed
Of the engine and the train
Are the products of my brain.

MORAL.

Those the world has pushed ahead
Thought they pulled the world they led.
They were either fast or slow,
As the world would have them go;
But they never seemed to know
That behind them came the force
That controlled their speed and course.

THE UNSOCIABLE MILESTONES.

A Fable.

STRUNG along a highway stood
Twenty milestones, made of wood,
Undisturbed by storm or weather;
And the jokers said their say,
As they passed along the way:
"How unsociable are they—
Milestones never get together."

But the milestones cared not whether
It were worst or it were best—
Undisturbed by jeer or jest,
Two were never seen together.
Duty made them what they were,
And they did not care to stir.

MORAL.

Men there are whose work, whose place
Is, like milestones, to mark out
Both the distance and the route;
Both the destiny and way,
In the progress of the race.
If they mingle with the throng
That moves thoughtlessly along,
Then their duty they betray.
Lonesome, very lonesome, they;
But, unmoved by hope or fear,
Undisturbed by jest or jeer,
There their duty—and they stay.

TYPE.

ALL night the sky was draped in darkness thick;
From rumbling clouds imprisoned lightnings swept,
Into the printer's stick,
With energetic click,
The ranks of type into battalions crept,
Which formed brigades while dreaming labor slept;
And ere dawn's crimson pennons were unfurled,
The night-formed columns charged the waking world.

These poems are reprinted, by the special permission of the author, from "Some of the Rhymes of Ironquill;" Crane & Co., publishers, Topeka, Kansas.